In Terent

THE IDYLLIUMS OF THEOCRITUS WITH RAPIN'S Diſcourſe OF PASTORALS

Done into Engliſh.

Hic igitur verſus, & cætera ludicra pono:
Quod verum atq; bonum eſt inquiro, & totus in hoc ſum.

OXFORD,
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To

His Honoured Friend

ARTHUR CHARLET

A.M. Fellow of *Trinity College*

in *OXON.*

SIR,

THis in its ſeveral parts being addreſs'd to my Intimate Acquaintance, deſires a Patron of the ſame rank; and hath pitch'd on You as the moſt able to endure, and moſt ready to oblige by accepting a greater trouble than the reſt: It is the defence of the Whole that you muſt be engag'd in, whilſt the others ſingly are charged only with a Part: and in this I have followed the example of the Antients, who tho they had one of the Lares to

preſide over every little room, yet the whole houſe was dedicated to ſome Common Guardian: This Diſtinction proceeded either from a real inequality of Power in the Protectors, or from the difference of thoſe benefits which They were ſuppoſ'd to have actually beſtowed: As to the former conſideration, every one that knows my Friends will eaſily allow that each ſingly is ſufficient for the whole, tho, by reaſon of my imperfections, a great task: But the latter, Sir, gives You the preference, and Gratitude forceth me to believe his power to be greateſt, who hath moſt often, and moſt ſignally expreſt it: Innumerable private Favours I muſt acknowledge the ſame way they were beſtow'd, and ſpare your Modeſty and my own: for otherwiſe it would ſeem that I thought

thought there was some thing in my self worth your notice; or else I must publickly proclaim, that You (which tho 'tis really your Case, yet very few can boast) are kind and generous without any prospect of return: But those which properly relate to the present occasion I must beg leave to mention, since Pliny, and all agree, hath severely noted as the greatest Ingratitude not to acknowledge to whom we owe what we have attain'd; and it would argue stupidity to run wilfully on that Censure, which hath been so justly pass'd, and so much applauded.

You may remember Sir how often, when the publick Cares of your well-managed Office would permit you to retreat, we have retir'd to a Grove, where Quiet spreads all around, and a springing

ſpringing verdure, and chequer'd variety to raiſe the Thoughts and recreate the Fancy; whilſt ſoft breezes murmur'd thro the Trees, which, like our Affections, ſerv'd only to intermix, but never to ſhatter or diſturb: There I have enjoy'd whatever the Poets could imagine, a free innocent, and inſtructive diſcourſe, ſuch as reform'd my Errors, and incourag'd thoſe Eſſays which you was pleas'd to think endeavors after vertue; till then I envied the happineſs of the deſcribed Swains, and lookt on Virgil and Theocritus as diſturbers of Man kind, who elaborately deſcrib'd the moſt perfect and ſurprizing Beautys, but gave us no Hopes either to ſee or to enjoy. The Golden age was their ſcene, and 'twas neceſſary to look beyond Jupiter himſelf

ſelf to find any thing innocent or pleaſing; and how tedious ſuch a ſearch muſt be, every one may imagine, who conſiders that 'tis very hard to take ſo large a proſpect, eſpecially when there is nothing but a bare Contemplation to excite, and reward his Diligence: The time Sir, I found brought back again by your converſation, and all thoſe difficulties (τὰ σκληρὰ Θεοκρίτου) which were ſo even to a Proverb, practically explain'd: ſo that whatever in this performance is drawn ſoft, innocent, and pleaſing; is but a Copy from You the Original: This is the happineſs that attends polite Learning, it ſmooths all the natural Aſperities of Humor and Paſſion, and ſpreads an obligeing tenderneſs thro the whole Man, And where the Cauſe

is

is in so eminent a degree, and the Effect too necessary, what can hinder the Production? These are the reasons that have determin'd my acknowledgements for former, and given me encouragement to beg a new Obligation, To accept this, and pardon its defects will be a very considerable one to

Sir,

All-Souls Coll.
July 12. 1684.

Your most

Humble Servant

THOMAS CREECH.

A TREATISE de CARMINE PASTORALI Written by RAPIN.

The First Part.

TO be as short as possible in my discourse upon the present Subject, I shall not touch upon the Excellency of *Poetry* in general; nor repeat those high *Encomiums*, (as that tis the most divine of all human Arts, and the like) which *Plato* in his *Jone*, *Aristotele* in his *Poetica*, and other Learned men have copiously insisted on: And this I do that I might more closely and briefly pursue my present design, which, no doubt, will not please every man; for since I treat of that part of *Poetry*, which (to use *Quintilian's* words) by reason of its Clowniſhness, is affraid of the Court and City; some may imagine that I follow *Nichocaris* his humor, who would paint only the most ugly and deform'd, and those too in the meanest and most frightful dress, that real, or fancy'd Poverty could put them in.

For ſome think that to be a Sheapard is in it ſelf mean, baſe, and ſordid; And this I think is the firſt thing that the graver and ſoberer ſort will be ready to object.

But if we conſider how honorable that employment is, our Objectors from that Topick will be eaſily anſwer'd: for as *Heroick* Poems owe their dignity to the Quality of *Heroes*, ſo *Paſtorals* to that of *Sheapards*.

Now to manifeſt this, I ſhall not rely on the authority of the *Fabulous*, and *Heroick* Ages, tho, in the former, a God fed Sheep in *Theſſaly*, and in the latter, *Hercules* the Prince of *Heroes*, (as *Paterculus* ſtiles him) graz'd on mount *Aventine*: Theſe Examples, tis true, are not convinceing, yet they ſufficiently ſhew that the employment of a Sheapard was ſometime look'd upon to be ſuch, as in thoſe Fabulous times was not alltogether unbecomeing the *Dignity* of a *Heroe*, or the *Divinity* of a *God*: which conſideration if it cannot be of force enough to procure excellence, yet certainly it may ſecure it from the imputation of baſeneſs, ſince it was ſometime lookt upon as fit for the greateſt in Earth or Heaven.

But not to inſiſt on the authority of *Poets*, *ſacred Writt* tells us that *Jacob* and *Eſau*, two great men, were Sheapards; And *Amos*, one of the Royal Family, aſſerts the ſame of himſelf, for *He was* among *the Sheapards of Tecua*, following that employment: The like by Gods own appointment

ment prepared *Moſes* for a Scepter, as *Philo* intimates in his life, when He tells us, *that a Sheapards Art is a ſuitable preparation to a Kingdome*; the ſame He mentions in the Life of *Joſeph*, affirming that the care a Sheapard hath over his Cattle, very much reſembles that which a King hath over his Subjects: The ſame *Baſil* in his Homily de *S. Mamm. Martyre* hath concerning *David*, who was taken from following the Ews great with ycung ones to feed *Iſrael*, for He ſays that the Art of feeding and governing are very near akin, and even Siſters: And upon this account I ſuppoſe twas, that Kings amongſt the *Greeks* reckoned the name of Sheapard one of their greateſt titles; for, if we believe *Varro*, amongſt the Antients, the beſt and braveſt was ſtill a Sheapard: Every body knows that the *Romans* the worthieſt and greateſt Nation in the World ſprang from *Sheapards*: The Augury of the Twelve Vulturs plac't a Scepter in *Romulus*'s hand which held a Crook before; and at that time, as *Ovid* ſays,

His own ſmall Flock each Senator did keep.

Lucretius mentions an extraordinary happineſs, and as it were Divinity in a *Sheaperd*'s life,

Thro Sheapards eaſe, and their Divine retreats.

And this is the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why the ſolitude of the Country, the ſhady Groves, and ſecurity of that happy Quiet was ſo grateful to the Muſes, for thus *Horace* repreſents them,

The Muſes that the Country Love.

Which Obſervation was firſt made by *Mnaſalce* the *Sicyonian* in his Epigram upon *Venus*.

The Rural Muſe upon the Mountains feeds.

For ſometimes the Country is ſo raveſhing and delightful, that twill raiſe Wit and Spirit even in the dulleſt Clod, And in truth, amongſt ſo many heats of Luſt and Ambition which uſually fire our Citys, I cannot ſee what retreat, what comfort is left for a chaſt and ſober Muſe.

And to ſpeak from the very bottome of my heart, (not to mention the integrity and innocence of Sheapards upon which ſo many have inſiſted, and ſo copiouſly declaimed) methinks he is much more happy in a Wood, that at eaſe contemplates this univerſe, as his own, and in it, the Sun and Stars, the pleaſing Meadows, ſhady Groves, green Banks, ſtately Trees, flowing Springs, and the wanton windings of a River, fit objects for quiet innocence, than he that with Fire and Sword diſturbs the World; and meaſures his poſſeſſions by the waſt that lys about him: *Auguſtus* in the remoteſt Eaſt fights for peace, but how tedious were his Voyages? how troubleſome his Marches? how great his diſquiets? what fears and hopes diſtracted his deſigns? whilſt *Tityrus* contented with a little, happy in the enjoyment of his Love, and at eaſe under his ſpreading Beech.

Taught Trees to ſound his Amaryllis *name.*

On

On the one side *Melibæus* is forc't to leave his Country, and *Antony* on the other; the one a Sheapard, the other a great man, in the Common-Wealth; how disagreeable was the Event? the Sheapard could endure himself, and sit down contentedly under his misfortunes, whilst lost *Antony*, unable to hold out, and quitting all hopes both for himself and his Queen, became his own barbarous Executioner: Than which sad and deplorable fall I cannot imagine what could be worse, for certainly nothing is so miserable as a Wretch made so from a flowrishing & happy man; by which tis evident how much we ought to prefer before the gaity of a great and shining State, that Idol of the Crowd, the lowly simplicity of a Sheapards Life: for what is that but a perfect image of the state of Innocence, of that golden Age, that blessed time, when Sincerity and Innocence, Peace, Ease, and Plenty inhabited the Plains?

Take the Poets description

Here Lowly Innocence makes a sure retreat,
A harmless Life, and ignorant of deceit,
And free from fears with various sweet's encrease,
And all's or'e spread with the soft wings of Peace:
Here Oxen low, here Grots, and purling Streams,
And spreading shades invite to easy dreams.

And thus *Horace.*

Happy the man beyond pretence
Such was the state of Innocence, &c.

And

And from this head I think the dignity of *Bucolicks* is sufficiently cleared, for as much as the Golden Age is to be preferr'd before the *Heroick*, so much *Pastorals* must excell *Heroick* Poems: yet this is so to be understood, that if we look upon the majesty and loftiness of *Heroick* Poems, it must be confest that they justly claim the preheminence; but if the unaffected neatness, elegant, graceful smartness of the expression, or the polite dress of a Poem be considered, then they fall short of *Pastorals*: for this sort flows with Sweet, Elegant, neat and pleasing fancies; as is too evident to every one that hath tasted the sweeter muses, to need a farther explication: for tis not probable that *Asinius Pollio, Cinna, Varius, Cornelius Gallus*, men of the neatest Wit, and that lived in the most polite Age, or that *Augustus Cæsar* the Prince of the *Roman* elegance, as well as of the common Wealth, should be so extreamly taken with *Virgils Bucolicks*, or that *Virgil* himself a man of such singular prudence, and so correct a judgment, should dedicate his Eclogues to those great Persons; unless he had known that there is somewhat more then ordinary Elegance in those sort of Composures, which the wise perceive, tho far above the understanding of the Crowd: nay if *Ludovicus Vives*, a very learned man, and admired for politer studies may be believed, there is somewhat more sublime and excellent in those *Pastorals*, than the Common

sort.

ſort of Grammarians imagine: This I ſhall diſcourſe of in an other place, and now inquire into the Antiquity of Paſtorals.

The Antiquity of Paſtorals.

Since *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and *Eumolpus* were famous for their Poems, before the *Trojan* wars; thoſe are certainly miſtaken, who date Poetry from that time; I rather incline to their opinion who make it as old as the World it ſelf; which Aſſertion as it ought to be underſtood of Poetry in general, ſo eſpecially of *Paſtoral*, which, as *Scaliger* delivers, was the moſt antient kind of Poetry, and reſulting from the moſt *antient* way of Liveing: *Singing firſt began amongſt Sheapards as they fed their Flocks, either by the impulſe of nature, or in imitation of the notes of Birds, or the whiſpering of Trees.*

For ſince the firſt men were either *Sheapards* or *Ploughmen*, and *Sheapards*, as may be gathered out of *Thucydides* and *Varro*, were before the others, they were the firſt that either invited by their leiſure, or (which *Lucretius* thinks more probable) in imitation of Birds, began a tune.

Thro all the Woods they heard the pleaſing noiſe
Of chirping Birds, and try'd to frame their voice,
And Imitate, thus Birds inſtructed man,
And taught them Songs before their Art began.

In ſhort, tis ſo certain that Verſes firſt began in the Country that the thing is in it ſelf evident, and this *Tibullus* very plainly ſignifies,

Firſt

First weary at his Plough the labouring Hind
In certain feet his rustick words did bind:
His dry reed first he tun'd at sacred feasts
To thank the bounteous Gods, and cheer his Guests.

In certain feet according to *Bern Cylenius* of *Verona* his interpretation *in set measures*: for *Censorinus* tells us, that the antient Songs were loose and not ty'd up to any strict numbers, and afterwards by certain laws and acknowledged rules were confin'd to such and such measures: for this is the method of Nature in all her works, from imperfect and rude beginnings things take their first rise, and afterwards by fit and apposite additions are polish't, and brought to perfection: such were the Verses which heretofore the *Italian* Sheapards and Plough-men, as *Virgil* says, sported amongst themselves.

Italian Plough-men sprung from antient Troy
Did sport unpolish't Rhymes ——————

Lucretius in his Fifth Book *de Natura Rerum*, says, that Sheapards were first taught by the rushing of soft Breezes amongst the Canes to blow their Reeds, and so by degrees to put their Songs in tune.

For Whilst soft Evening Gales blew or'e the Plains
And shook the sounding Reeds, they taught the Swains,
And thus the Pipe was fram'd, and tuneful Reed,
And whilst the Flocks did then securely feed,
The harmless Sheapards tun'd their Pipes to Love,

And

And Amaryllis name fill'd every Grove.

From all which tis very plain that *Poetry* began in thoſe days, when Sheapards took up their employment: to this agrees *Donatus* in his Life of *Virgil*, and *Pontanus* in his Fifth Book of Stars, as appears by theſe Verſes.

Here underneath a ſhade by purling Springs
The Sheapards Dance, whilſt ſweet Amyntas *ſings;*
Thus firſt the new found Pipe was tun'd to Love,
And Plough-men taught their Sweet hearts to the Grove,

Thus the *Feſcennine* jeſts when they ſang harveſt-home, and then too the Grape-gatherers and Reapers Songs began, an elegant example of which we have in the Tenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*.

From this birth, as it were, of *Poetry*, Verſe began to grow up to greater matters; For from the common diſcourſe of *Plough-men* and *Sheapards*, firſt *Comedy*, that Miſtreſs of a private Life, next *Tragedy*, and then *Epick Poetry* which is lofty and *Heroical* arroſe, This *Maximus Tyrius* confirms in his Twenty-firſt diſſetation, where he tells us that Plough-men juſt comeing from their work, and ſcarce cleanſed from the filth of their employment, did uſe to flurt out ſome ſudden and *extempore* Catches; and from this beginning Plays were produc'd, and the Stage erected: Thus

 much

much concerning the *Antiquity*, next of the *Original* of this sort.

About this Learned men cannot agree, for who was the first Author, is not sufficiently understood; *Donatus*, tis true, tells us tis proper to the Golden Age, and therefore must needs be the product of that happy time: but who was the Author, where, what time it was first invented hath been a great Controversy, and not yet sufficiently determined: *Epicharmus* one of *Pythagoras* his School, in his ἀλκῶνι mentions one *Diomus* a *Sicilian*, who, if we believe *Athænæus* was the first that wrote *Pastorals*: *those that fed Cattle had a peculiar kind of Poetry, call'd Bucolicks, of which Dotimus a Sicilian was inventer*:

Diodorus Siculus ἐν τοῖς μυθολογουμένοις, seems to make *Daphnis* the son of *Mercury* and a certain *Nymph*, to be the Author; and agreeable to this, *Theon* an old *Scholiast* on *Theocritus*, in his notes upon the first *Idyllium* mentioning *Daphnis*, adds, *he was the Author of Bucolicks*, and *Theocritus himself* calls him *the Muses Darling*: and to this Opinion of *Diodorus Siculus Polydore Virgil* readily assents.

But *Mnaseas* of *Patara* in a discourse of his concerning *Europa*, speaks thus of a Son of *Pan* the God of Sheapards: *Panis Filium Bubulcum à quo & Bucolice canere*: Now whether *Mnaseas* by that *Bubulcum*, means only a *Herdsman*, or one skilled in *Bucolicks*, is uncertain: but if *Valla's* judg-

judgment be good, tis to be taken of the latter; yet *Ælian* was of another mind, for he boldly affirms that *Stesichorus* called *Himeraus* was the first, and in the same place adds, that *Daphnis* the Son of *Mercury* was the first Subject of *Bucolicks*.

Some ascribe the Honor to *Bacchus* the President of the *Nymphs*, *Satyrs*, and the other Country Gods, perhaps because he delighted in the Country; and others attribute it to *Apollo* called *Nomius* the God of Sheapards, and that he invented it then when he served *Admetus* in *Thessaly*, and fed his Herds; For, tis likely, he to recreate himself, and pass away his time, applied his mind to such Songs as were best suitable to his present condition: Many think we owe it to *Pan* the God of Sheapards, not a few to *Diana* that extreamly delighted in solitude and Woods; and some say *Mercury* himself: of all which whilst *Grammarians* prattle, according to their usual custome they egregiously trifle; they suffer themselves to be put upon by Fables, and resign their judgment up to foolish pretentions, but things and solid truth is that we seek after.

As about the Author, so concerning the place of its Birth there is a great dispute, some say *Sparta*, others *Peloponesus*, but most are for *Sicily*.

Valla the Placentine, a curious searcher into Antiquity, thinks this sort of Poetry first appear'd amongst the *Lacedemonians*, for when the *Persians* had wasted allmost all *Greece*, the *Spartans* say

 that

that they for fear of the *Barbarians* fled into Caves and lurking holes; and that the Country Youth then began to apply themselves in Songs to *Diana Caryatis*, together with the Maids, who midst their Songs offerd Flowers to the Goddess: which custome containing somewhat of Religion was in those places a long time very scrupulously observed.

Diomedes the Grammarian, in his treatise of *Measures*, declares *Sicily* to be the Place: for thus he says, the *Sicilian* Sheapards in time of a great *Pestilence*, began to invent new Ceremonies to appease incensed *Diana*, whom afterward, for affording her help, and stopping the Plague they called Λύλω: *i. e.* the *Freer* from their Miserys. This grew into custom, and the Sheapards used to meet in Companies, to sing their deliverer *Diana's* praise, and these afterwards passing into *Italy* were there named *Bucoliastæ*.

Pomponius Sabinus tells the story thus: When the Hymns the Virgins us'd to sing in the Country to *Diana* were left off, because, by reason of the present Wars, the Maidens were forc'd to keep close within the Towns; the Shepherds met, and sang these kind of Songs, which are now call'd *Bucolicks*, to *Diana*; to whom they could not give the usual worship by reason of the Wars: But *Donatus* says, that this kind of Verses was first sung to *Diana* by *Orestes*, when he wandred about *Italy*; after he fled from *Scythia Taurica*, and had taken

taken away the Image of the Goddeſs, and hid it in a bundle of ſticks, whence ſhe receiv'd the name of *Faſcelina*, or *Phacelide* ἀπὸ τῶν φακέλων: At whoſe Altar, the very ſame *Oreſtes* was afterward expiated by his Siſter *Iphigenia*: But how can any one rely on ſuch Fables, when the inconſiderable Authors that propoſe them diſagree ſo much amongſt themſelves?

Some are of Opinion that the Shepherds, were wont in ſolem and ſet Songs about the Fields and Towns to celebrate the Goddeſs *Pales*; and beg her to bleſs their flocks and fields with a plenteous encreaſe, and that from hence the name, and compoſure of *Bucolicks* continued.

Other prying ingenious Men make other conjectures, as to this mazing Controverſy thus *Voſſius* delivers himſelf: *The Antients cannot be reconcil'd, but I rather incline to their opinion who think* Bucolicks *were invented either by the* Sicilians *or* Peloponeſians, *for both thoſe uſe the* Dorick *Dialect, and all the* Greek Bucolicks *are writ in that*: As for my ſelf I think, that what *Horace* ſays of *Elegies* may be apply'd to the preſent Subject.

But who ſoft Elegies was the firſt that wrote
Grammarians doubt, and cannot end the doubt:

For I find nothing certain about this matter, ſince neither *Valla* a diligent inquirer after, and a good judge in ſuch things, nor any of the late writers produce any thing upon which I can ſafely rely: yet what beginning this kind of Poetry had

had, I think I can pretty well conjecture: for tis likely that first Shepherds us'd Songs to recreate themselves in their leisure hours whilst they fed their Sheep; and that each man, as his wit served, accommodated his Songs to his present Circumstances: to this Solitude invited, and the extream leisure that attends that employment absolutely requir'd it: For as their retirement gave them leisure, and Solitude a fit place for Meditation, Meditation and Invention produc'd a Verse, which is nothing else but a Speech fit to be sung, and so Songs began: Thus *Hesiod* was made a Poet, for he acknowledges himself that he receiv'd his inspiration;

Whilst under Helicon *he fed his Lambs.*

for either the leisure, or fancy of Shepherds seems to have a natural aptitude to Verse.

And indeed I cannot but agree with *Lucretius* that accurate Searcher into Nature, who delivers that from that state of Innocence the Golden Age, Pastorals continued down to his time, for after he had in his fifth book describ'd that most happy age, he adds,

For then the Rural Muses reign'd.

From whence 'tis very plain, that as *Donatus* himself observ'd, Pastorals were the invention of the simplicity and innocence of that Golden age, if there was ever any such, or certainly of that time which succeeded the beginning of the World: For tho the Golden Age must be acknow-

knowledged to be only in the fabulous times, yet 'tis certain that the Manners of the first Men were so plain and simple, that we may easily derive both the innocent imployment of Shepherds, and Pastorals from them.

The

The Second PART.

NOw let us inquire into the nature of *Paſtoral*, in what its excellencies conſiſt, and how it muſt be made to be exact: And this muſt needs be a hard Task, ſince I have no guide, neither *Ariſtotle* nor *Horace* to direct me, for both they, whatever was the matter, ſpeak not one word of this ſort of Verſe. And I am of opinion that none can treat well and clearly of any kind of *Poetry* if he hath no helps from theſe two: But ſince they lay down ſome general Notions of *Poetry* which may be uſeful in the preſent caſe, I ſhall follow their ſteps as cloſe as poſſible I can.

Not only *Ariſtotle* but *Horace* too hath defin'd that *Poetry* in general is Imitation; I mention only theſe two, for tho *Plato* in his Second Book *de Rep.* and in his *Timæus* delivers the ſame thing, I ſhall not make uſe of his Authority at all: Now as *Comedy* according to *Ariſtotle* is the *Image and Repreſentation of a gentiel and City Life*, ſo is *Paſtoral Poetry* of a County and *Sheapards* Life; for ſince *Poetry* in general is Imitation; its ſeveral *Species* muſt likewiſe Imitate, take *Ariſtotles* own words *Cap.* 1. πᾶσαι τυγχάνουσιν ὖσαι μιμήσεις; And theſe *Species* are differenc't

differenc't either by the ſubject matter, when the things to be imitated are quite different, or when the manner in which you imitate, or the mode of imitation is ſo: ἐν τρισὶ δὴ τούτοις διαφορᾶις ἡ μιμησις ἐστιν, ἐν οἷς καὶ ᾗ, καὶ ὡς: Thus tho of *Epick* Poetry and *Tragedy* the Subject is the ſame, and ſome great illuſtrious Action is to be *imitated* by both, yet ſince one by repreſentation, and the other by plain narration imitates, each makes a different *Species* of imitation. And *Comedy* and *Tragedy*, tho they agree in this, that both repreſent, yet becauſe the Matter is different, and *Tragedy* muſt repreſent ſome brave action, and *Comedy* a humor; theſe Two ſorts of imitation are *Specifically different.* And upon the ſame account, ſince *Paſtoral* chooſes the mannes of Sheapards for its imitation, it takes from its matter a peculiar difference, by which it is diſtinguiſh'd frõ all others.

But here *Benius* in his comments upon *Ariſtotle* hath ſtarted a conſiderable query: which is this; Whether *Ariſtotle*, when he reckons up the different *Species* of Poetry *Cap* 1. doth include *Paſtoral*, or no? And about this I find learn'd men cannot at all agree: which certainly *Benius* ſhould have determin'd, or not rais'd: ſome refer it to that ſort which *was ſung to Pipes*, for that *Paſtorals* were ſo *Apuleius* intimates, when at the marriage Feaſt of *Phyche* He brings in *Paniſcus* ſinging *Bucolicks* to his Pipe: But ſince they did not ſeriouſly enough conſider, what *Ariſtotle*

 meant

meant by that which he calls ἀναπαιστικὸν they trifle, talk idly, and are not to be heeded in this matter; For suppose some *Musitian* should sing *Virgils Ænæis* to the Harp, (and *Ant. Lullus* says it hath been done,) should we therefore reckon that divine and incomparable Master of *Heroick* Poetry amongst the *Lyricks*?

Others with *Cæsius Bassus* and *Isacius Tzetzes* hold that that distribution of *Poetry*, which *Aristotle* and *Tully* hath left us, is deficient and imperfect; and that only the chief Species are reckoned, but the more inconsiderable not mention'd: I shall not here interest my self in that quarrel of the *Criticks*, whether we have all *Aristotles* books of Poetry or no; this is a considerable difficulty I confess, for *Laertius* who accurately weighs this matter, says that he wrote two books of *Poetry*, the one lost, and the other we have, tho *Mutinensis* is of an other mind: but to end this dispute, I must agree with *Vossius*, who says the Philosopher comprehended these Species not expressly mentioned, under a higher and more noble head: and that therefore *Pastoral* was contain'd in *Epick*. for these are his own words, *besides there are Epicks of an inferior rank, such as the Writers of Bucolicks. Sincerus*, as *Minturnus* quotes him, is of the same mind, for thus he delivers his opinion concerning *Epick Verse*: *The matters about which these numbers may be employed is various, either mean and low, as in Pastorals, great and lofty, as when the*

the Subject is Divine Things, or Heroick Actions, or of a middle rank, as when we uſe them to deliver precepts in: And this likewiſe he ſignifys before, where he ſets down three ſorts of *Epicks*: *one of which, ſays he, is divine, and the moſt excellent by much in all Poetry*; the *other the loweſt but moſt pure, in which Theocritus excelled, which indeed ſhews nothing of Poetry beſide the bare numbers*: Theſe points being thus ſettled, the remaining difficultys will be more eaſily diſpatched.

For as in *Dramatick* Poetry the Dignity and meanneſs of the *Perſons* repreſented make two diffferent *Species of imitation* the one *Tragick*, which agrees to none but great and illuſtrious perſons, the other *Comick*, which ſuits with common and gentile humors: ſo in *Epick* too there may be reckoned two ſorts of *Imitation*, one of which belongs to *Heroes*, and that makes the *Heroick*; the other to *Ruſticks* and *Sheapards* and that conſtitutes the *Paſtoral*, now as a *Picture* imitates the Features of the face, ſo *Poetry* doth action, and tis not a repreſentation of the Perſon but the Action. From all which we may gather this definition of Paſtoral: *It is the imitation of the Action of a Sheapard, or of one taken under that haracter*: *The Definition of Paſtoral.*

Thus *Virgil's Gallus*, tho not really a *Sheapard*, for he was a man of great quality in *Rome*, yet belongs to *Paſtoral*, becauſe he is repreſented like a Sheapard: hence the Poet:

The Goatherd and the heavy Heardsmen came,
And ask't what rais'd the deadly Flame.

The *Scene* lys amongſt Sheapards, the *Swains* are brought in, the *Herdſmen* come to ſee his miſery, and the fiction is ſuited to the real condition of a *Sheapard*; the ſame is to be ſaid for his *Silenus*, who tho he ſeems lofty, and to ſound to loud for an oaten reed, yet ſince what he ſings he ſings to *Sheapards*, and ſuits his Subject to their apprehenſions, his is to be acknowledged *Paſtoral*. This rule we muſt ſtick to, that we might infallibly diſcern what is ſtrictly *Paſtoral* in *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, and what not: for in *Theocritus* there are ſome more lofty thoughts which not having any thing belonging to Sheapards for their Subject, muſt by no means be accounted *Paſtoral*, But of this more in its proper place.

My preſent inquiry muſt be what is the *Subject Matter* of a *Paſtoral*, about which it is not eaſy to reſolve; ſince neither from *Ariſtotle*, nor any of the *Greeks* who have written *Paſtorals*, we can receive certain direction. For ſometimes they treat of high and ſublime things, like *Epick Poets*; what can be loftier than the whole *Seaventh Idyllium of Bias* in which *Myrſan* urges *Lycidas* the Sheapard to ſing the Loves of *Deidamia*, and *Achilles*. For he begins from *Helen's* rape, and goes on to the revengful fury of the *Atrides*, and ſhuts up in one *Paſtoral*, all that is great and ſounding in *Homers Iliad*.

And

Sparta was fir'd with Rage
And gather'd Greece to proſecute Revenge.

And *Theocritus* his verſes are ſometimes as ſounding and his thoughts as high: for upon ſerious conſideration I cannot mind what part of all the *Heroicks* is ſo ſtrong and ſounding as that *Idyllium* on *Hercules* λεοντοφονω in which *Hercules* himſelf tells *Thyeus* how he kill'd the Lyon whoſe Skin he wore: for, not to mention many, what can be greater than this expreſſion.

And gaping Hell received his mighty Soul:

Why ſhould I inſtance in the διόσκοροι, which hath not one line below Heroick; the greatneſs of this is allmoſt inexpreſſible.

ἀνὴρ ὑπέρτλος ἐνήμερος, ἐνδιάσασε
δοιὼς ἰδεῖν.

And ſome other pieces are as ſtrong as theſe, ſuch is the *Panegyrick on Ptolemy*, *Helen's Epithalamium*, and the Fight of young *Hercules* and the Snakes: now how is it likely that ſuch Subjects ſhould be fit for *Paſtorals*, of which, in my opinion, the ſame may be ſaid which *Ovid* doth of his *Cydippe*.

Cydippe, Homer, doth not fit thy Muſe.

For certainly *Paſtorals* ought not to riſe to the Majeſty of *Heroicks*: but who on the other ſide dares

dares reprehend ſuch great and judicious Authors, whoſe very doing it is Authority enough? What ſhall I ſay of *Virgil*? who in his Sixth *Eclogue* hath put together allmoſt all the particulars of the fabulous Age; what is ſo high to which *Silenus* that Maſter of Myſterys doth not ſoar?

For lo! he ſung the Worlds ſtupendious birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of Sea, of Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire thro univerſal night
And empty ſpace did fruitfully unite:
From whence th' innumerable race of things
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings:
And afterward
How Pyrra's Stony race roſe from the ground,
And Saturn reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,
How bold Prometheus *(whoſe untam'd deſire,*
Rival'd the Sun with his own Heavenly Fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian *Vulturs endleſs prey*
Severely pays for Animating Clay.

So true, ſo certain 'tis, that nothing is ſo high and lofty to which *Bucolicks* may not ſucceſsfully aſpire. But if this be ſo, what will become of *Macrobius*, *Georgius Valla*, *Julius caliger*, *Voſſius*, and the whole company of Grammarians? who all affirm that ſimplicity and meanneſs is ſo eſſential to *Paſtorals*, that it ought to be confin'd to the State, Manners, Apprehenſion and even common phraſes of Sheapards: for nothing can be

be ſaid to be *Paſtoral*, which is not accommodated to their condition: and for this Reaſon *Nannius Alcmaritanus* in my opinion is a trifler, who, in his comments on *Virgils Eclogues*, thinks that thoſe ſorts of Compoſures may now and then be lofty, and treat of great ſubjects: where he likewiſe divides the matter of *Bucolicks*, into *Low*, *Middle*, and *High*: and makes *Virgil* the Author of this Diviſion, who in his Fourth *Eclogue*, (as he imagines) divides the matter of *Bucolicks* into Three ſorts, and intimates this diviſion by theſe three words: *Buſhes*, *Shrubs* and *Woods*.

Sicilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain,
The Buſhes and the Shrubs that ſhade the Plain
Delight not all; if I to Woods repair
My Song ſhall make them worth a Conſuls Care.

By Woods, as he fancys, as *Virgil* means high and ſtately Trees, ſo He would have a great and lofty Subject to to be implyed, ſuch as he deſigned for the *Conſul*: by Buſhes, which are almoſt even with the ground, the meaneſt and loweſt argument; and by Shrubs a Subject not ſo high as the one, nor ſo low as the other, as the thing it-ſelf is. And therefore theſe lines

If I to Woods repair
My Song ſhall make them worth a Conſuls *care.*

are

are thus to be underſtood, That if we chooſe high and ſublime arguments, our work will be fit for the Patronage of a *Conſul*, This is *Nanniu's* interpretation of that place; too pedantical and ſubtle I'me affraid, for 'tis not credible that ever *Virgil* thought of reckoning great and lofty things amongſt the Subjects of *bucolicks* eſpecially ſince

When his Thalia *rais'd her bolder Voice*
And Kings and Battles were her lofty choice,
Phæbus *did twitch his Ear, mean thoughts infuſe,*
And with this whiſper check't th' inſpiring Muſe:
A Sheapard, Tityrus, his Sheep ſhould feed,
And chooſe a Subject ſuited to his reed,

This certainly was a ſerious admonition implyed by the twitching of his Ear, and I believe if he had continued in this former humor and not obey'd the ſmarting admonition. He had ſtill felt it: ſo far was he from thinking Kings and Battels fit Themes for a *Sheapards* ſong: and this evidently ſhows that in *Virgils* opinion, contrary to *Nanniu's* fancy, great things cannot in the leaſt be comprehended within the ſubject matter of *Paſtorals*; no, it muſt be low and humble, which *Theocritus* very happily expreſſeth by this word βυκολιάσδυ *i. e.* as the interpreters explain it, ſing humble Strains.

Theefore let *Paſtoral* never venture upon a lofty

lofty ſubject, let it not recede one jot from its proper matter, but be employ'd about Ruſtick affairs: ſuch as are mean and humble in themſelves; and ſuch are the affairs of Shepherds, eſpecially their Loves, but thoſe muſt be pure and innocent; not diſturb'd by vain ſuſpitious jealouſy, nor polluted by Rapes; The Rivals muſt not fight, and their emulations muſt be without quarrellings: ſuch as *Vida* meant.

Whilſt on his Reed he Shepherds ſtifes conveys,
And ſoft complaints in ſmooth Sicilian lays.

To theſe may be added *Sports*, *Jeſts*, *Gifts*, and *Preſents*; but not *coſtly*, ſuch are yellow Apples, young ſtock-Doves, Milk, Flowers, and the like; all things muſt appear delightful and eaſy, nothing vitious and rough: A perfidious Pimp, a deſigning Jilt, a gripeing Uſurer, a crafty factious Servant muſt have no room there, but every part muſt be full of the ſimplicity of the *Golden-Age*, and of that Candor which was then eminent: for as *Juvenal affirms*

Baſeneſs was a great wonder in that Age;

Sometimes *Funeral-Rites* are the ſubject of an *Eclogue*, where the Shepherds ſcatter flowers on the Tomb, and ſing Ruſtick Songs in honor of the Dead: Examples of this kind are left us by *Virgil* in his *Daphnis*, and *Bion* in his *Adonis*, and this hath nothing diſagreeable to a Shepherd: In

ſhort whatever, the decorum being ſtill preſerv'd, can be done by a *Sheapard*, may be the Subject of a *Paſtoral.*

Now there may be more kinds of Subjects than *Servius* or *Donatus* allow, for they confine us to that Number which *Virgil* hath made uſe of, tho *Minturnus* in his ſecond Book *de Poetâ* declares againſt this opinion: But as a glorious *Heroick* action muſt be the Subject of an *Heroick* Poem, ſo a *Paſtoral* action of a *Paſtoral*; at leaſt it muſt be ſo turn'd and wrought, that it might appear to be the action of a *Shepherd*; which caution is very neceſſary to be obſerv'd, to clear a great many difficulties in this matter: for tho as the Interpreters aſſure us; moſt of *Virgils* Eclogues are about the Civil war, planting Colonys, the murder of the Emperor, and the like, which in themſelves are too great and too lofty for humble *Paſtoral* to reach, yet becauſe they are accomodated to the Genius of Shepherds, may be the Subject of an *Eclogue*, for that ſometimes will admit of Gods and Heroes ſo they appear like, and are ſhrouded under the Perſons of Shepherds: But as for theſe matters which neither really are, nor are ſo wrought as to ſeem the actions of Shepherds, ſuch are in *Moſchus*'s *Europa*, *Theocritus*'s *Epithalamium of Helen*, and *Virgil's Pollio*, to declare my opinion freely, I cannot think them to be fit Subjects for *Bucolicks*: And upon this account I ſuppoſe 'tis that *Servius* in his Com-

Comments on *Virgil's Bucoliks* reckons only ſeven of *Virgil's* ten Eclogues, and onely ten of *Theocritus*'s thirty, to be pure Paſtorals, and *Salmaſius* upon *Solinus* ſays, that *amongſt Theocritus*'s *Poems there are ſome which you may call what you pleaſe Beſide Paſtorals:* and *Heinſius* in his *ſcholia* upon *Theocritus* will allow but Ten of his *Idylliums* to be *Bucoliks*, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 11. for all the reſt are deficient either in matter or form, and from this number of pure paſtoral *Idylliums* I am apt to think, that *Theocritus* ſeems to have made that Pipe, on which he tun'd his *Paſtorals* and which he conſecrated to *Pan* of ten Reeds, as *Salmaſius* in his notes on *Theocritus*'s Pipe hath learnedly obſerved: *in which two Verſes always make one Reed of the Pipe, therefore all are ſo unequal, like the unequal Reeds of a Pipe, that if you put two equals together which make one Reed, the whole inequality conſiſts in ten pairs;* when in the common Pipes there were uſually no more then ſeven Reeds, and this the leſs curious obſervers have heedleſsly paſt by

Some are of opinion that whatever is done in the Country, and in one word, every thing that hath nought of the City in it may be treated of in *Paſtorals;* and that the diſcourſe of Fiſhers, Plow-men, Reapers, Hunters, and the like, belong to this kind of Poetry: which according to the Rule that I have laid down cannot be true for, as I before hinted nothing but the action of a

Shepherd can be the Subject of a Paſtoral.

I ſhall not here enquire, tho it may ſeem proper, whether we can decently bring into an Eclogue Reapers, Vine-dreſſers, Gardners, Fowlers, Hunters, Fiſhers, or the like, whoſe lives for the moſt part are taken up with too much buſineſs and employment to have any vacant time for Songs, and idle Chat, which are more agreeable to the leiſure of a Sheapards Liſe: for in a great many Ruſtick affairs, either the hardſhip and painful Labor will not admit a ſong, as in Plowing, or the ſolitude as in hunting, Fiſhing, Fowling, and the like; but of this I ſhall diſcourſe more largely in another place.

Now 'tis not ſufficient to make a Poem a true *Paſtoral*, that the Subject of it is the action of a Shepherd, for in *Heſiods* ἔργα and *Virgils Georgicks* there are a great many things that belong to the employment of a Shepherd, yet none fancy they are Paſtorals; from whence 'tis evident, that beſide the *matter*, which we have defin'd to be the action of a Sheapard, there is a peculiar *Form* proper to this kind of *Poetry* by which 'tis diſtinguiſh'd from all others.

Of Poetry in General *Socrates*, as *Plato* tells us, would have *Fable* to be the *Form*: *Ariſtotle* Imitation: I ſhall not diſpute what difference there is between theſe two, but only inquire whether Imitation be the *Form* of *Paſtoral*: 'Tis certain that *Epick* Poetry is differenc't from *Tragick* only

ly by the manner of imitation, for the latter imitates by *action*, and the former by bare *narration*: But *Paſtoral* is the imitation of a *Paſtoral* action either by bare narration, as in *Virgil*'s *Alexis*, and *Theocritus*'s *7th Idyllium*, in which the Poet ſpeaks all along in his own Perſon: or by action as in *Virgil*'s *Tityrus*, and the firſt of *Theocritus*, or by both mixt, as in the Second and Eleventh *Idylliums*, in which the Poet partly ſpeaks in his own Perſon, and partly makes others ſpeak, and I think the old *Scholiaſt* on *Theocritus* took an hint from theſe when he ſays, that Paſtoral is a mixture made up of all ſorts, for 'tis Narrative, Dramatick, and mixt, and *Ariſtotle*, tho obſcurely, ſeems to hint in thoſe words, *In every one of the mentioned Arts there is Imitation, in ſome ſimple, in ſome mixt*; now this latter being peculiar to *Bucolicks* makes its very form and Eſſence: and therefore *Scaliger*, in the *4th* Chapter of his firſt Book of Poetry, reckons up three Species of *Paſtorals*, the firſt hath but one Perſon, the ſecond ſeveral, which ſing alternately; the third is mixt of both the other: And the ſame obſervation is made by *Heinſius* in his Notes on *Theocritus*, for thus he very plainly to our purpoſe, *the Character of* Bucolicks *is a mixture of all ſorts of Characters, Dramatick, Narrative, or mixt:* from all which 'tis very manifeſt that the manner of *Imitation* which is proper to *Paſtorals* is the mixt: for in other kinds of Poetry 'tis one and ſimple, at leaſt

not

not so manifold; as in *Tragedy Action*: in *Epick* Poetry *Narration*.

Now I shall explain what sort of *Fable*; *Manners*, *Thought*, *Expression*, which four are necessary to constitute every kind of Poetry, are proper to this sort.

Concerning the Fable which Aristotle *calls*, σύνθεσιν τῶν πραγμάτων,

I have but one thing to say: this, as the Philosopher hints, as of all other sorts of Poetry, so of Pastoral is the very Soul: and therfore *Socrates* in *Plato* says, that in those Verses which he had made there was nothing wanting but the *Fable*: therefore Pastorals as other kinds of Poetry must have their Fable, if they will be Poetry: Thus in *Virgil*'s *Silenus* which contains the Stories of allmost the whole Fabulous Age, two Shepherds whom *Silenus* had often promis'd a Song, and as often deceiv'd, seize upon him being drunk and asleep, and bind him with wreath'd Flowers; *Ægle* comes in and incourages the timorous youths, and stains his jolly red Face with Blackberries, *Silenus* laughs at their innocent contrivance, and desires to be unbound, and then with a premeditated Song satisfies the Nymph's and Boys Curiosity; The incomparable Poet sings wonders, the Rocks rejoyce, the Vales eccho, and happy *Eurotas* as if *Phœbus* himself sang, hears all, and bids the Laurels that grow upon his Banks listen to, and learn the Song.

Happy

Happy Eurotas *as he flow'd along*
Heard all, and bad the Laurels learn the Song.

Thus every Eclogue or Idyllium muſt have its Fable, which muſt be the groundwork of the whole deſign, but it muſt not be perplext with ſudden and unlookt for changes, as in *Marinus*'s *Adonis*: for that, tho the *Fable* be of a Shepherd, yet by reaſon of the ſtrange Bombaſt under Plots, and wonderful occurences, cannot be accounted *Paſtoral*; for that it might be agreeable to the Perſon it treats of, it muſt be plain and ſimple, ſuch as *Sophocles*'s *Ajax*, in which there is not ſo much as one change of Fortune.

As for the Manners, let that precept, which *Horace* lays down in his Epiſtle to the *Piſones*, be principally obſerved.

Let each be grac't with that which ſuits him beſt.

For this, as 'tis a rule relateing to *Poetry* in general, ſo it reſpects this kind alſo of which we are treating; and againſt this *Taſſo* in his *Amyntas*, *Bonarellus* in his *Phyllis*, *Guarinus* in his *Paſtor Fido*, *Marinus* in his *Idylliums*, and moſt of the *Italians* grievouſly offend, for they make their *Shepherds* too polite, and elegant, and cloth them with all the neatneſs of the Town, and Complement of the Court, which tho it may ſeem very pretty, yet amongſt good *Criticks*, let *Veratus* ſay

ſay what he will in their excuſe, it cannot be allowed: For 'tis againſt *Minturnus*'s Opinion, who in his ſecond Book *de Poetâ*, ſays thus: *Mean Perſons are brought in, thoſe in Comedy indeed more polite, thoſe in Paſtorals more unelegant, as ſuppos'd to lead a rude life in Solitude*; and *Jaſon Denor* a Doctor of *Padua* takes notice of the ſame as a very abſurd Error: *Ariſtotle* heretofore for a like fault reprehended the *Megarenſians*, who obſerv'd no *Decorum* in their *Theater*, but brought in mean perſons with a Train fit for a *King*, and cloath'd a Cobler or Tinker in a Purple Robe: Invain doth *Veratus* in his Diſpute againſt *Jaſon Denor*, to defend thoſe elaborately exquiſite diſcourſes, and notable ſublime ſentences of his *Paſtor Fido*, bring ſome lofty *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, for thoſe are not acknowledged to be Paſtoral; *Theocritus* and *Virgil* muſt be conſulted in this matter, the former deſignly makes his Shepherds diſcourſe in the *Dorick* i. e. the Ruſtick Dialect, ſometimes ſcarce true Grammar; & the other ſtudiouſly affects ignorance in the perſons of his Shepherds, as *Servius* hath obſerv'd, and is evident in *Melibæus*, who makes *Oaxes* to be a River in *Crete* when 'tis in *Meſopotamia*: and both of them take this way that the Manners may the more exactly ſuit with the Perſons they repreſent, who of themſelves are rude and unpoliſht: And this proves that they ſcandalouſly err, who make their Shepherds appear polite and elegant, nor can I imagine what *Veratus* who

who makes ſo much ado about the polite manners of the *Arcadian* Shepherds, would ſay to *Polybius* who tells us that the *Arcadians* by reaſon of the Mountaincuſneſs of the Country and hardneſs of the weather, are very unſociable and auſtere.

Now as too much neatneſs in *Paſtoral* is not to be allow'd, ſo ruſticity (I do not mean that which *Plato*, in his Third Book of a Commonwealth, mentions which is but a part of a down right honeſty) but Clowniſh ſtupidity, ſuch as *Theophraſtus*, in his Character of a *Ruſtick*, deſcribes; or that diſagreeable unfaſhionable roughneſs which *Horace* mentions in his Epiſtle to *Lollius*, muſt not in my opinion be endur'd: On this ſide *Mantuan* errs extreamly, and is intolerably abſur'd, who makes Shepherds blockiſhly ſottiſh, and inſufferably rude: And a certain Interpreter blames *Theocritus* for the ſame thing, who in ſome mens opinion ſometimes keeps too cloſe to the *Clown*, and is ruſtick and uncouth; But this may be very well excus'd becauſe the Age in which he ſang was not as polite as now.

But that every Part may be ſuitable to a Shepherd, we muſt conſult unſtain'd, uncorrupted Nature; ſo that the manners might not be too Clowniſh nor too Caurtly: And this mean may be eaſily obſerved if the manners of our Shepherds be repreſented according to the *Genius* of the *golden Age*, in which, if *Guarinus* may be be-

liev'd, every man follow'd that employment: And *Nannius* in the Preface to his Comments on *Virgil*s *Bucolicks* is of the ſame opinion, for he requires that the manners might repreſent the Golden Age: and this was the reaſon that *Virgil* himſelf in his *Pollio* deſcribes that Age, which he knew very well was proper to *Bucolicks*: For in the whole courſe of a Shepherds life there can be no form more excellent than that which was the practiſe of the Golden Age; And this may ſerve to moderate and temper the affections that muſt be expreſt in this ſort of Poetry, and ſufficiently declare the whole Eſſence of it, which in ſhort muſt be taken from the nature of a Shepherds life to which a Courtly dreſs is not agreeable.

That the Thought may be commendable, it muſt be ſuitable to the *manners*; as thoſe muſt be plain and pure that muſt be ſo too: nor muſt contain any, deep, exquiſite, or elaborate fancies: And againſt this the *Italians* offend, who continually hunt after ſmart witty ſayings, very fooliſhly in my opinion; for in the Country, where all things ſhould be full of plaineſs and ſimplicity who would paint or endeavor to be gawdy when ſuch appearances would be very diſagreeable and offend? *Pontanus* in this matter hath ſaid very well, *The Thought muſt not be to exquiſite and witty, the Compariſons obvious and common, ſuch as the State of Perſons and Things require*: Yet tho too ſcrupulous a Curioſity in Ornament ought to be rejected,

jected, yet leſt the Thought be cold and flat, it muſt have ſome quickneſs of Paſſion, as in theſe.

Cruel Alexis *can't my Verſes move?*
Haſt thou no Pitty? I muſt dye for Love.
And again,
He neither Gods, nor yet my Verſe regards.

The Senſe muſt not be long, copious, and continued, For *Paſtoral* is weak, and not able to hold out; but of this more when I come to lay down rules for its Compoſure: But tho it ought to imitate *Comedy* in its common way of diſcourſe, yet it muſt not choſe *old Comedy* for its pattern, for that is too impudent, and licentiouſly abuſive: Let it be free and modeſt, honeſt and ingenuous, and that will make it agreeable to the Golden Age.

Let the Expreſſion be plain and eaſy, but elegant and neat, and the pureſt which the language will afford; *Pontanus* upon *Virgils* Bucolicks gives the very ſame rule, *In Bucolicks the Expreſſion muſt be humble, nearer common diſcourſe than otherwiſe, not very Spirituous and vivid, yet ſuch as ſhows life and ſtrength:* Tis certain that *Virgil* in his *Bucolicks* uſeth the ſame words which *Tully* did in the *Forum* or the *Senate*: and *Tityrus* beneath his ſhady Beech ſpeaks as pure and good *Latin* as *Auguſtus* in his Palace, as *Modicius* in his *Apology* for *Virgil* hath excellently obſerv'd:

 This

This rule, 'tis true; *Theocritus* hath not ſo ſtrictly follow'd, whoſe Ruſtick and Paſtoral Muſe, as *Quintilian* phraſeth it, *not only is affraid to appear in the* Forum, *but the City*: and for the very ſame thing an *Alexandrian* flouts the *Syracuſian Weomen* in the Fifteenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, for when they, being then in the City, ſpoke the *Dorick* Dialect, the delicate Citizen could not endure it, and found fault with their diſtaſtful, as he thought, pronunciation: and his reflection was very ſmart.

Like Pidgeons you have mouths from Ear to Ear.

So intolerable did that broad way of pronunciation, tho exactly fit for a Clowns diſcourſe, ſeem to a Citizen: and hence *Probus* obſerves that 'twas much harder for the *Latines* to write *Paſtorals*, than for the *Greeks*; becauſe the *Latines* had not ſome *Dialects* peculiar to the Country, and others to the City, as the *Greeks* had; Beſides the *Latine* Language, as *Quintilian* hath obſerv'd, is not capable of the neatneſs which is neceſſary to Bucolicks, no, that is the peculiar priviledge of the *Greeks*: *We cannot*, ſays he, *be ſo low, they exceed us in ſubtlety, and in propriety they are at more certainty than We*: and again, *in pat and cloſe Expreſſions we cannot reach the Greeks*. And, if we believe *Tully*, *Greek is much more fit for Ornament than Latin*, for it hath much more of that neatneſs, and

and raviſhing delightfulneſs, which *Bucolicks* neceſſarily require.

Yet of Paſtoral, with whoſe Nature we are not very well acquainted, what that *Form* is which the *Greeks* call the *Character*, is not very eaſy to determine; yet that we may come to ſome certainty, we muſt ſtick to our former obſervation, *viz.* that *Paſtoral* belongs properly to the *Golden Age:* For as *Tully* in his Treatiſe *de Oratore* ſays, *in all our diſputes the ſubject is to be meaſur'd by the moſt perfect of that kind*, and *Syneſius* in his *Encomium* on *Baldneſs* hints the very ſame, when he tells us that Poetry faſhions its ſubject as Men imagine it ſhould be, and not as really it is: πρὸς δόξαν, ἢ πρὸς ἀλήθειαν: Now the Life of a Shepherd, that it might be rais'd to the higheſt perfection, is to be referr'd to the manners and age of the world whilſt yet innocent, and ſuch as the Fables have deſcrib'd it: And as Simplicity was the principal vertue of that Age, ſo it ought to be the peculiar Grace, and as it were *Character* of *Bucolicks:* in which the Fable, Manners, Thought, and Expreſſion ought to be full of the moſt innocent ſimplicity imaginable: for as Innocence in Life, ſo purity and ſimplicity in diſcourſe was the Glory of that Age: So as gravity to *Epicks*, Sweetneſs to *Lyricks*, Humor to *Comedy*, ſoftneſs to *Elegies*, and ſmartneſs to *Epigrams*, ſo ſimplicity to *Paſtorals* is proper; and one upon *Theocritus* ſays, *that the Idea of his Bucolicks is in every part pure, and in all*

that

that belongs to ſimplicity very happy: Such is this of *Virgil*, *unwholſome to us Singers is the ſhade Of Juniper, 'tis an unwholſome ſhade:*

Than which in my opinion nothing can be more ſimply; nothing more ruſtically ſaid; and this is the reaſon I ſuppoſe why *Macrobius* ſays that this kind of Poetry is creeping and upon mean ſubjects: and why too *Virgils Tityrus* lying under his ſhady Beech diſpleaſeth ſome; Excellent Criticks indeed, whom I wiſh a little more ſenſe, that they might not really be, what they would not ſeem to be, *Ridiculous*: *Theocritus* excells *Virgil* in this, of whom *Modicius* ſays, *Theocritus deſerves tht greateſt commendation for his happy imitation of the ſimplicity of his Shepherds,* Virgil *hath mixt Allegories, and ſome other things which contain too much learning, and deepneſs of Thought for Perſons of ſo mean a quality*: Yet here I muſt obviate their miſtake who fancy that this ſort of *Poetry*, becauſe in it ſelf low and ſimple, is the proper work of *mean* Wits, and not the moſt *ſublime* and *excellent* perfections: For as I think there be can nothing more elegant than eaſy naked ſimplicity, ſo likewiſe nothing can require more ſtrength of Wit, and greater pains; and he muſt be of a great and clear judgment, who attempts *Paſtoral*, and comes of with Honor: For there is no part of *Poetry* that requires more ſpirit, for if any part is not cloſe and well compacted the whole Fabrick will be ruin'd, and the

matter

matter, in it ſelf humble, muſt creep; unleſs it is held up by the ſtrength and vigor of the *Expreſſion.*

Another qualification and excellence of *Paſtoral* is to imitate *Timanthes*'s Art, of whom *Pliny* writes thus; *Timanthes was very Ingenious, in all his peices more was to be underſtood than the Colours expreſs'd, and tho his Art was very extraordinary yet his Fancy exceeded it:* In this *Virgil* is peculiarly happy, but others, eſpecially raw unexperienced Writers, if they are to deſcribe a Rainbow, or a River, pour out their whole ſtock, and are unable to contain: Now tis properly requiſite to a Paſtoral that there ſhould be a great deal coucht in a few words, and every thing it ſays ſhould be ſo ſhort, and ſo cloſe, as if its chiefeſt excellence was to be ſpareing in Expreſſion: ſuch is that of *Virgil*;

Theſe Fields and Corn ſhall a Barbarian ſhare?
See the Effects of all our Civil War.

How ſhort is that? how conciſe? and yet how full of ſenſe in the ſame *Eclogue.*

I wonder'd why all thy complaints were made,
Abſent was Tityrus:

And the like you may every where meet with, as Mopſus *weds* Niſa, *what may'nt Lovers hope?* and in the ſecond *Eclogue.* *Whom*

Whom doſt thou fly ah frantick! oft the Woods
Hold Gods, and Paris *equal to the Gods.*

This Grace *Virgil* learn'd from *Theocritus*, allmoſt all whoſe Periods; eſpecially in the third *Idyllium*, have no conjunction to connect them, that the ſenſe might be more cloſe, and the Affection vehement and ſtrong: as in this

Let all things change, let Pears the Firs adorn
Now Daphnis *dyes.*

And in the third *Eclogue.*

But when ſhe ſaw, how great was the ſurprize! &c.

And any one may find a great many of the like in *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, if with a leiſurely delight he nicely examines their delicate Compoſures: And this I account the greateſt grace in *Paſtorals*, which in my opinion thoſe that write *Paſtorals* do not ſufficiently obſerve: Tis true Ours (the *French*) and the *Italian* language is to babling to endure it; This is the Rock on which thoſe that write *Paſtorals* in their *Mother* tongue are uſually ſplit, But the *Italians* are inevitably loſt; who having ſtore of *Wit*, a very ſubtle invention and flowing fancy, cannot contain; every thing that comes into their mind muſt be poured out, nor are they able to endure the leaſt reſtraint: as is evident from *Marinus*'s *Idylliums*, and a great many of that nation who have ventur'd on ſuch compoſures: For unleſs there are many

ſtops

and breakings off in the ſeries of a *Paſtoral*, it can neither be pleaſing nor artificial: And in my Opinion *Virgil* excells *Theocritus* in this, for *Virgil* is neither ſo continued, nor ſo long as *Theocritus*; who indulges too much the garrulity of his *Greek*; nay even in thoſe things which he expreſſeth he is more cloſe, and more cautiouſly conceals that part which ought to be diſſembled: And this I am ſure is a moſt admirable part of Eloquence; as *Tully* in his Epiſtle to *Atticus* ſays, *Tis rare to ſpeak Eloquently, but more rare to be eloquently ſilent*: And this unskillful *Criticks* are not acquainted with, and therefore are wont oftner to find fault with that which is not fitly expreſt, than commend that which is prudently conceal'd: I could heap up a great many more things to this purpoſe, but I ſee no need of ſuch a trouble, ſince no man can rationally doubt of the goodneſs of my Obſervation: Therefore, in ſhort, let him that writes Paſtorals think brevity, if it doth not obſcure his ſenſe, to be the greateſt grace which he can attain.

Now why *Bucolicks* ſhould require ſuch Brevity, and be ſo eſſentially ſparing in *Expreſſion*, I ſee no other reaſon but this; It loves *Simplicity* ſo much that it muſt be averſe to that Pomp and Oſtentation which *Epick* Poetry muſt ſhow, for that muſt be copious and flowing, in every part ſmooth, and equal to it ſelf: But *Paſtoral* muſt diſſemble, and hide even that which it would

ſhow, like *Damon's Galatea*, who flies then when ſhe moſt deſires to be diſcovered.

And to the Buſhes flys, yet would be ſeen.

And this doth not proceed from any malitious ill-natur'd Coyneſs, as ſome imagine, but from an ingenuous modeſty and baſhfulneſs, which uſually accompanies, and is a proof of *Simplicity: Tis very rare*, ſays *Pliny*, *to find a man ſo exquiſitely skillful, as to be able to ſhow thoſe Features in a Picture which he hides*; and I think it to be ſo difficult a task, that none but the moſt excellent Wits can attempt it with ſucceſs: For ſmall Wits uſually abound with a multitude of words.

The third Grace of *Bucolicks* is *Neatneſs*, which contains all the taking prettineſs and ſweetneſs of Expreſſion, and whatſoever is call'd the Delicacies of the more delightful and pleaſing *Muſes*: This the Rural *Muſes* beſtow'd on *Virgil*, as *Horace* in the tenth *Satyr* of his firſt Book ſays,

And Virgils *happy Muſe in Eclogues plays,*
Soft and facetious;

Which *Fabius* takes to ſignify the moſt taking neatneſs and moſt exquiſite Elegance imaginable: For thus he explains this place, in which he agrees with *Tully*, who in his *Third Book de Oratore*, ſays, the *Atticks* are Facetious *i. e.* elegant: Tho the common Interpreters of theſe words are not of the ſame mind: But if by *Facetious Horace* had meant *jeſting*, and ſuch as is deſign'd to make men laugh, and apply'd that to *Virgil*, nothing could

could have been more ridiculous; 'tis the design of *Comedy* to raise laughter, but *Eclogue* should only delight, and charm by its takeing *prettiness*: All ravishing *Delicacies* of Thought, all sweetness of Expression, all that Salt from which *Venus*, as the Poets Fable, rose; are so essential to this kind of *Poetry*, that it cannot endure any thing that is scurillous, malitiously biteing, or ridiculous: There must be nothing in it but *Hony*, *Milk*, *Roses*, *Violets*, and the like sweetness, so that when you read you might think that you are in *Adonis*'s Gardens, as the *Greeks* speak, *i. e.* in the most pleasant place imaginable: For since the subject of *Eclogue* must be mean and unsurprizing, unless it maintains purity and neatness of Expression, it cannot please.

Therefore it must do as *Tully* says his friend *Atticus* did, who entertaining his acquaintance with Leeks and Onions, pleas'd them all very well, because he had them serv'd up in wicker Chargers, and clean Baskets; So let an *Eclogue* serve up its fruits and flowers with some, tho no costly imbellishment, such as may answer to the wicker Chargers, and Baskets; which may be provided at a cheap rate, and are agreeable to the Country: yet, (and this rule if you aim at exact simplicity, can never be too nicely observ'd,) you must most carefully avoid all paint and gawdiness of Expression, and, (which of all sorts of Elegancies is the most difficult to be avoided)

 you

you muſt take the greateſt care that no ſcrupulous trimneſs; or artificial fineſſeſs appear: For, as *Quintilian* teaches, *in ſome caſes diligence and care are moſt troubleſomly perverſe*; and when things are moſt ſweet they are next to loathſome and many times degenerate: Therefore as in Weomen a careleſs dreſs becomes ſome extreamly. Thus *Paſtoral*, that it might not be uncomely, ought ſometimes to be negligent, or the fineſs of its ornaments ought not to appear and lye open to every bodies view: ſo that it ought to affect a ſtudied careleſsneſs, and deſign'd negligence: And that this may be, all gawdineſs of Dreſs, ſuch as Paint and Curls, all artificial ſhining is to be deſpis'd, but in the mean time care muſt be taken that the Expreſſion be bright and ſimply clean, not filthy and diſguſtful, but ſuch as is varniſht with Wit and Fancy: Now to perfect this, *Nature* is chiefly to be lookt upon, (for nothing that is diſagreeable to Nature can pleaſe) yet that will hardly prevail naked, by it ſelf, and without the poliſhing of Art.

Then there are three things in which, as in its parts, the whole *Character* of a *Paſtoral* is contain'd: *Simplicity* of Thought and expreſſion: *Shortneſs* of Periods full of ſenſe and ſpirit: and the *Delicacy* of a moſt elegant raviſhing unaffected neatneſs.

Next I will enquire into the *Efficient*, and then into the *Final* Cauſe of *Paſtorals*.

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle aſſigns two Efficient Cauſes of *Poetry*, The natural deſire of Imitation in Man whom he calls the moſt imitative Creature; and Pleaſure conſequent to that Imitation: Which indeed are the *Remote* Cauſes, but the *Immediate* are *Art* and *Nature*; Now according to the differences of *Genius*'s ſeveral *Species* of Poetry have been introduc'd: For as the *Philoſopher* hath obſerv'd, διεσπάθη κατὰ τὰ οἰκεῖα ἤθη ἡ ποίησις) Thus thoſe that were lofty imitated great and Illuſtrious; thoſe that were low ſpirited and groveling mean Actions: And every one, according to the various inclination of his *Nature*, follow'd this or that ſort of *Poetry*: This the *Philoſopher* expreſly affirms, And *Dio Chryſoſtomus* ſays of *Homer* that he received from the Gods a Nature fit for all ſorts of Verſe: but this is an happineſs which none partake but, as he in the ſame place intimates, Godlike minds.

Not to mention other kinds of *Poetry*, what particular Genius is requir'd to *Paſtoral* I think, is evident from the foregoing Diſcourſe, for as every part of it ought to be full of ſimple and inartificial neatneſs, ſo it requires a Wit naturally neat and pleaſant, born to delight and raviſh, which are the qualifications certainly of a great and moſt excellent Nature: For whatſoever in any kind is delicate and elegant, that is uſually moſt excellent: And ſuch a *Genius* that hath a ſprightfulneſs of Nature, and is well inſtructed

by

by the rules of Art, is fit to attempt *Paſtorals*.

Of the end of Paſtorals tis not ſo eaſy to give an account: For as to the end of Poetry in General: The Enemies of Poets run out into a large common place, and loudly tell us, that Poetry is frivolous and unprofitable. Excellent men! that love *profit* perchance, but have no regard for *Honeſty* and *Goodneſs*; who do not know that all excellent *Arts* ſprang from *Poetry* at firſt.

Which what is honeſt, baſe, or juſt, or good,
Better than Crantor, *or* Chryſippus *ſhow'd.*

For tis *Poetry* that like a chaſt unſpotted Virgin, ſhews men the way, and the means to live happily, who afterward are deprav'd by the immodeſt precepts of vitiated and impudent *Philoſophy*. For every body knows, that the *Epick* ſets before us the higheſt example of the Braveſt man; the *Tragedian* regulates the Affections of the Mind; the *Lyrick* reforms Manners, or ſings the Praiſes of Gods, and Heroes; ſo that there's no part of *Poetry* but hath its proper end, and profits.

But grant all this true, *Paſtoral* can make no ſuch pretence: if you ſing a *Hero*, you excite mens minds to imitate his Actions, and notable Exploits; but how can *Bucolicks* apply theſe or the like advantages to its ſelf? *He that reads*

Heroick

Heroick Poems, learns what is the vertue of a Hero, and wiſhes to be like him; but he that reads Paſtorals, neither learns how to feed ſheep, nor wiſhes himſelf a Shepherd: And a great deal more to this purpoſe you may ſee in *Modicius*, as *Pontanus* cites him in his Notes on *Virgil*'s *Eclogues*.

But when tis the end of *Comedy*, as *Jerom* in his Epiſtle to *Furia* ſays, to know the Humors of Men, and to deſcribe them; and *Demea* in *Terence* intimates the ſame thing,

To look on all mens Lives as in a Glaſs,
And take from thoſe Examples for our Own,

ſo that our Humors and Converſations may be better'd, and improv'd; why may not *Paſtoral* be allow'd the ſame Priviledge, and be admitted to regulate and improve a *Shepherd*'s life by its *Bucolicks*? For ſince tis a product of the Golden Age, it will ſhew the moſt innocent manners of the moſt ancient Simplicity, how plain and honeſt, and how free from all varniſh, and deceit, to more degenerate, and worſe times: And certainly for this tis commendable in its kind, ſince its deſign in drawing the image of a Country and Shepherd's life, is to teach Honeſty, Candor, and Simplicity, which are the vertues of *private* men; as *Epicks* teach the higheſt Fortitude, and Prudence, and Conduct, which are the vertues of *Generals*, and *Kings*. And tis neceſſary

ceſſary to Government, that as there is one kind of *Poetry* to inſtruct the *Citizens*, there ſhould be another to faſhion the manners of the *Ruſticks*: which if *Paſtoral*, as it does, did not do, yet would it not be altogether frivolous, and idle, ſince by its taking prettineſſes it can delight, and pleaſe. It can ſcarce be imagin'd, how much the moſt flouriſhing times of the *Roman* Common-wealth, in which *Virgil* wrote, grew better and brisker by the uſe of *Paſtoral*: with it were *Auguſtus*, *Mecænas*, *Aſinius Pollio*, *Alphenus Varus*, *Cornelius Gallus*, the moſt admired Wits of that happy Age, wonderfully pleas'd; for whatever is ſweet, and raviſhing, is contain'd in this ſweeteſt kind of Poetry. But if we muſt ſlight every thing, from which no *profit* is to be hop'd, all pleaſures of the Eye and Ear are preſently to be laid aſide; and thoſe excellent Arts, *Muſick*, and *Painting*, with which the beſt men uſe to be delighted, are preſently to be left off. Nor is it indeed credible, that ſo many excellent Wits, as have devoted themſelves to Poetry, would ever have medled with it, if it had been ſo empty, idle, and frivolous, as ſome ridiculouſly moroſe imagine; who forſooth are better pleas'd with the ſeverity of *Philoſophy*, and her harſh, deform'd impropriety of Expreſſions. But the judgments of ſuch men are the moſt contemptible in the world; for when by *Poetry* mens minds are faſhioned to generous

Humors,

Humors, Kindneſs, and the like: thoſe muſt needs be ſtrangers to all thoſe good qualites, who hate, or proclaim *Poetry* to be frivolous, and uſeleſs.

The Third PART.

Rules for writing Paſtorals.

IN delivering Rules for writing *Paſtorals*, I ſhall not point to the *ſtreams*, which to look after argues a ſmall creeping *Genius*, but lead you to the *fountains*. But firſt I muſt tell you, how difficult it is to write *Paſtorals*, which many ſeem not ſufficiently to underſtand: For ſince its matter is low, and humble, it ſeems to have nothing that is troubleſome, and difficult. But this is a great miſtake, for, as *Horace* ſays of *Comedy*, "It is by ſo much the more difficult, by "how much the leſs pardonable are the miſtakes "committed in its compoſure: and the ſame is to be thought of every thing, whoſe end is to pleaſe, and delight. For whatſoever is contriv'd for pleaſure, and not neceſſarily requir'd, unleſs it be exquiſite, muſt be nauſeous, and diſtaſtful; as at a Supper, ſcraping Muſick, thick Oyntment, or the like, becauſe the Entertainment might have been without all theſe: For the ſweeteſt things, and moſt delicious, are moſt apt to ſatiate; for tho the ſenſe may ſometimes be pleas'd, yet it preſently diſguſts that which is luſcious,

luſcious, and, as *Lucretius* phraſeth it,

E'en in the midſt and fury of the Joys,
Some thing that's better riſeth, and deſtroys.

Beſide, ſince *Paſtoral* is of that nature, that it cannot endure too much negligence, nor too ſcrupulous diligence, it muſt be very difficult to to be compos'd, eſpecially ſince the expreſſion muſt be neat, but not too exquiſite, and fine: It muſt have a ſimple native beauty, but not too mean; it muſt have all ſorts of delicacies, and ſurprizing fancies, yet not be flowing, and luxuriant. And certainly, to hit all theſe excellencies is difficult enough, ſince Wit, whoſe nature it is to pour it ſelf forth, muſt rather be reſtrain'd than indulg'd; and that force of the Mind, which of it ſelf is ſo ready to run on, muſt be checkt, and bridled: Which cannot be eaſily perform'd by any, but thoſe who have a very good Judgment, and practically skill'd in Arts, and Sciences: And laſtly, a neat, and as it were a happy Wit; not that curious ſort, I mean, which *Petronius* allows *Horace*, leſt too much *Art* ſhould take off the Beauty of the *Simplicity*. And therefore I would not have any one undertake this task, that is not very polite by *Nature*, and very much at leiſure. For what is more hard than to be always in the *Country*, and yet never to be *Clowniſh*? to ſing of *mean*, and *trivial* mat-

 ters,

ters, yet not *trivially*, and *meanly*? to pipe on a *ſlender* Reed, and yet keep the ſound from being *harſh*, and *ſqueaking*? to make every thing *ſweet*, yet never *ſatiate*?. And this I thought neceſſary to premiſe, in order to the better laying down of ſuch Rules as I deſign. For the naked *ſimplicity* both of the Matter and Expreſſion of a *Paſtoral*, upon bare Contemplation, might ſeem eaſily to be hit, but upon trial 'twill be found a very hard task: Nor was the difficulty to be diſſembled, leſt *Ignorance* ſhould betray ſome into a raſh attempt. Now I muſt come to the very Rules; for as nothing excellent can be brought to perfection without *Nature*, (for Art unaſſiſted by that, is vain, and ineffectual,) ſo there is no *Nature* ſo excellent, and happy, which by its own ſtrength, and without *Art* and *Uſe* can make any thing excellent, and great.

But tis hard to give *Rules* for that, for which there have been none already given; for where there are no footſteps nor path to direct, I cannot tell how any one can be certain of his way. Yet in this difficulty I will follow *Ariſtotle*'s Example, who being to lay down Rules concerning *Epicks*, propos'd *Homer* as a Pattern, from whom he deduc'd the whole Art: So I will gather from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, thoſe Fathers of *Paſtoral*, what I ſhall deliver on this account. For all the Rules that are to be given of any Art, are to be given of it as excellent, and perfect, and

there-

therefore ought to be taken from them in whom it is so.

The first Rule shall be about the *Matter*, which is either the *Action* of a *Shepherd*, or contriv'd and fitted to the *Genius* of a Shepherd; for tho *Pastoral* is simple, and bashful, yet it will entertain lofty subjects, if it can be permitted to turn and fashion them to its own proper Circumstances, and Humor: which tho *Theocritus* hath never done, but kept close to *pastoral* simplicity, yet *Virgil* hath happily attempted; of whom almost the same *Character* might be given, which *Quintilian* bestow'd on *Stesichorus*, who *with his Harp bore up the most weighty subjects of* Epick *Poetry*; for *Virgil* sang great and lofty things to his Oaten Reed, but yet suited to the Humor of a Shepherd, for every thing that is not agreeable to that, cannot belong to *Pastoral*: of its own nature it cannot treat of lofty and great matters.

Therefore let *Pastoral* be smooth and soft, not noisy and bombast; lest whilst it raiseth its voice, and opens its mouth, it meet with the same fate that, they say, an *Italian* Shepherd did, who having a very large mouth, and a very strong breath, brake his Pipe as often as he blow'd it. This is a great fault in one that writes *Pastorals*: for if his words are too sounding, or his sense too strong, he must be absurd, because indecently loud. And this is not the rule of an unskilful

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impertinent Adviſer, but rather of a very excellent Maſter in this Art; for *Phœbus* twitcht *Virgil* by the Ear, and warn'd him to forbear great Subjects: but if it ventures upon ſuch, it may be allow'd to uſe ſome ſhort *Invocations*, and, as *Epicks* do, modeſtly implore the aſſiſtance of a Muſe. This *Virgil* doth in his *Pollio*, which is a Compoſure of an unuſual loftineſs:

Sicilian *Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain.*

So he invocates *Arethuſa*, when *Cornelius Gallus Proconſul of Ægypt* and his *Amours*, matters above the common reach of *Paſtoral*, are his Subject.

One Labor more O Arethuſa *yield.*

Why he makes his application to *Aretheuſa* is eaſy to conjecture, for ſhe was a *Nymph* of *Sicily*, and ſo he might hope that ſhe could inſpire him with a *Genius* fit for *Paſtorals* which firſt began in that *Iſland*, Thus in the ſeventh and eighth *Eclogue*, as the matter would bear, he invocates the Nymphs and Muſes: And *Theocritus* does the ſame,

Tell Goddeſs, you can tell.

From whence 'tis evident that in *Paſtoral*, tho it never pretends to any greatneſs, *Invocations* may

may be allow'd: But whatever Subject it chooseth, it must take care to accommodate it to the Genius and Circumstances of a Shepherd.

Concerning the Form, or mode of *Imitation*, I shall not repeat what I have already said, *viz.* that this is in it self *mixt*; for *Pastoral* is either *Alternate*, or hath but *one Person*, or is *mixt* of both: yet 'tis properly and chiefly *Alternate*, as is evident from that of *Theocritus*.

Sing Rural *strains, for as we march along*
We may delight each other with a Song.

In which the *Poet* shows that *alternate* singing is proper to a *Pastoral*: But as for the *Fable*, 'tis requisite that it should be simple, lest in stead of *Pastoral* it put on the form of a *Comedy*, or *Tragedy* if the *Fable* be great, or intricate: It must be *One*; this *Aristotle* thinks necessary in every *Poem*, and *Horace* lays down this general Rule,

Be every Fable *simple, and but one*:

For every Poem, that is not *One*, is imperfect, and this *Unity* is to be taken from the *Action*: for if that is *One*, the Poem will be so too. Such is the Passion of *Corydon* in *Virgil*'s second Eclogue, *Melibœus*'s Expostulation with *Tityrus* about his Fortune; *Theocritus*'s *Thyrsis*, *Cyclops*, and *Amaryllis*, of which perhaps in its proper place I may treat more largely.

Let

Let the third Rule be concerning the *Expreſſion*, which cannot be in this kind excellent unleſs borrow'd from *Theocritus*'s *Idylliums*, or *Virgil*'s *Eclogues*; let it be chiefly ſimple, and ingenuous: ſuch is that of *Theocritus*,

A Kid belongs to thee, and Kids are good.

Or that in *Virgil*'s ſeventh Eclogue,

This Pail of Milk, theſe Cakes (Priapus) every year
Expect; a little Garden is thy care:
Thou'rt Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou ſhalt be made of Gold.

than which I cannot imagine more ſimple, and more ingenuous expreſſions. To which may be added that out of his *Palemon*,

And I love Phyllis, *for her Charms excell;*
At my departure O what tears there fell!
She ſigh'd, Farewell Dear Youth, a long Farewell.

Now, That I call an ingenuous Expreſſion which is clear and ſmooth, that ſwells with no inſolent words, or bold metaphors, but hath ſomething familiar, and as it were obvious in its Compoſure, and not diſguis'd by any ſtudy'd and affected dreſs: All its Ornament muſt be like the Corn and fruits in the Country, eaſy to

be

be gotten, and ready at hand, not such as requires Care, Labor, and Cost to be obtain'd: as *Hermogenes* on *Theocritus* observes; *See how easie and unaffected this sounds,*

Pines murmurings, Goatherd, are a pleasing sound,

and most of his expressions, not to say all, are of the same nature: for the ingenuous simplicity both of Thought and Expression is the natural *Characteristick* of *Pastoral.* In this *Theocritus* and *Virgil* are admirable, and excellent, the others despicable, and to be pitied: for they being enfeebled by the meaness of their subject, either creep, or fall flat. *Virgil* keeps himself up by his choice and curious words, and tho his matter for the most part (and *Pastoral* requires it) is mean, yet his expressions never flag, as is evident from these lines in his *Alexis:*

The glossy Plums I'le bring, and juicy Pear,
Such as were once delightful to my Dear:
I'le crop the Laurel, and the Myrtle tree,
Confus'dly set, because their Sweets agree.

For since the matter must be low, to avoid being abject, and despicable, you must borrow some light from the Expression; not such as is dazling, but pure, and lambent, such as may shine thro the whole matter, but never flash, and blind.

The words of such a *Stile* we are usually taught in our Nurses armes, but 'tis to be perfected and polished by length of time, frequent use, study, and diligent reading of the most approved Authors: for Pastoral is apt to be slighted for the meanes of its Matter, unless it hath some additional Beauty, be pure, polisht, and so made pleasing, and attractive. Therefore never let any one, that designs to write *Pastorals*, corrupt himself with foreign manners; for if he hath once vitiated the healthful habit, as I may say, of Expression, which *Bucolicks* necessarily require, 'tis impossible he should be fit for that task. Yet let him not affect pompous or dazling Expressions, for such belong to *Epicks*, or *Tragedians* Let his words sometimes tast of the Country, not that I mean, of which *Volusius*'s Annals, upon which *Catullus* hath made that biting *Epigram*, are full; for though the Thought ought to be rustick, and such as is suitable to a Shepherd, yet it ought not to be Clowniſh, as is evident in *Corydon*, when he makes mention of his Goats.

Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,
Which suckled twice a day, I keep for you:
These Thestilis *hath beg'd, and beg'd in vain,*
But now they're Hers, since You my Gifts disdain.

For what can be more Rustical, than to design those *Goats* for *Alexis*, at that very time when he

he believes *Thestylis*'s winning importunity will be able to prevail? yet there is nothing Clowniſh in the words. In ſhort, *Bucolicks* ſhould deſerve that commendation which *Tully* gives *Craſſus*, of whoſe Orations he would ſay, *that nothing could be more free from childiſh painting, and affected finery.* So let the Expreſſion in *Paſtoral* be without gawdy trappings, and all thoſe little fineries of Art, which are us'd to ſet off and varniſh a diſcourſe: But let an ingenuous Simplicity, and unaffected pleaſing Neatneſs appear in every part; which yet will be flat, if 'tis drawn out to any length, if not cloſe, ſhort, and broken, as that in *Virgil*,

He that loves Bavius *Verſes, hates not Thine:*

And in the ſame *Eclogue*,

—It is not ſafe to drive too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Ram is hardly dry:

And in *Corydon*,

To learn this Art what won't Amyntas *do?*

And in *Theocritus* much of the ſame nature may be ſeen; as in his other *Paſtoral Idylliums*, ſo chiefly in his fifth. Thus *Battus* in the fourth *Idyllium*, complaining for the loſs of *Amaryllis*,

Dear Nymph, dear as my Goats, you dy'd.

And how ſoft and tender is that in the third *Idyllium*,

And ſhe may look on me, ſhe may be won,
She may be kind, ſhe is not perfect Stone.

And in this *conciſe*, cloſe way of Expreſſion lies the chiefeſt Grace of *Paſtorals*: for in my opinion there's nothing in the whole Compoſition that can delight more than thoſe frequent ſtops, and breakings off. Yet leſt in theſe too it become dull and ſluggiſh, it muſt be quickned by frequent lively touches of Concernment: ſuch as that of the Goatherd in the third Idyllium.

—I ſee that I muſt die:

Or *Daphnis*'s deſpair, which *Thyrſis* ſings in the firſt *Idyllium*,

Ye Wolves, and Pards, and Mountain Bores adieu,
The Herdſmen now muſt walk no more with You.

How tender are the lines, and yet what paſſion they contain! And moſt of *Virgil*'s are of this nature, but there are likewiſe in him ſome touches of deſpairing Love, ſuch as is this of *Alpheſiboeus*,

Nor have I any mind to be reliev'd:

Or

Or that of *Damon*,

I'le dy, yet tell my Love e'en whilst I dy:

Or that of *Corydon*,

He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again.

For tho *Pastoral* doth not admit any violent passions, such as proceed from the greatest extremity, and usually accompany despair; yet because Despairing Love is not attended with those frightful and horrible consequences, but looks more like *grief to be pittied*, and a *pleasing madness*, than *rage* and *fury*, *Eclogue* is so far from refusing, that it rather loves, and passionately requires them. Therefore an unfortunate *Shepherd* may be brought in, complaining of his succesless Love to the *Moon*, *Stars*, or *Rocks*, or to the Woods, and purling Streams, mourning the unsupportable anger, the frowns and coyness of his proud *Phyllis*; singing at his *Nymphs* door, (which *Plutarch* reckons among the signs of Passion) or doing any of those fooleries, which are familiar to Lovers. Yet the Passion must not rise too high, as *Polyphemus*'s, *Galateas*'s mad Lover, of whom *Theocritus* divinely thus, as almost of every thing else:

His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten paths of Love,
No Flowers nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,

His

His was all Rage, and Madneſs:
For all violent Perturbations are to be diligently avoided by *Bucolicks*, whoſe nature it is to be *ſoft*, and *eaſie*: For in ſmall matters, and ſuch muſt all the ſtrifes and contentions of Shepherds be, to make a great deal of adoe, is as unſeemly, as to put *Hercules*'s Vizard and Buskins on an Infant, as *Quintilian* hath excellently obſerv'd. For ſince *Eclogue* is but weak, it ſeems not capable of thoſe Commotions which belong to the *Theater*, and *Pulpit*; they muſt be ſoft, and gentle, and all its Paſſion muſt ſeem to flow only, and not break out: as in *Virgil*'s *Gallus*,

Ah, far from home and me You wander o're
The Alpine *ſnows, the farthеſt Weſtern ſhore,*
And frozen Rhine. *When are we like to meet?*
Ah gently, gently, leſt thy tender feet
Sharp Ice may wound.

To theſe he may ſometimes joyn ſome ſhort Interrogations made to *inanimate Beings*, for thoſe ſpread a ſtrange life and vigor thro the whole Compoſure. Thus in *Daphnis*,

Did not You Streams, and Hazels, hear the Nymphs?

Or give the very Trees, and Fountains ſenſe, as in *Tityrus*,

*Thee (*Tityrus*) the Pines, and every Vale,*
The Fountains, Hills, and every Shrub did call:

for by this the Concernment is expreſs'd; and of the like nature is that of *Thyrſis*, in *Virgil*'s *Melibæus*,

Whee

When Phyllis *comes, my wood will all be green.*

And this ſort of Expreſſions is frequent in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, and in theſe the delicacy of *Paſtoral* is principally contain'd, as one of the old *Interpreters* of *Theocritus* hath obſerv'd on this line, in the eighth *Idyllium*,

Ye Vales, and Streams, a race Divine:

But let them be ſo, and ſo ſeldom us'd, that nothing appear vehement, and bold, for Boldneſs and Vehemence deſtroy the ſweetneſs which peculiarly commends *Bucolicks*, and in thoſe Compoſures a conſtant care to be ſoft and eaſie ſhould be chief: For *Paſtoral* bears ſome reſemblance to *Terence*, of whom *Tully*, in that Poem which he writes to *Libo*, gives this Character,

His words are ſoft, and each expreſſion ſweet.

In mixing *Paſſion* in *Paſtorals*, that rule of *Longinus*, in his golden Treatiſe περὶ ὕψους, muſt be obſerv'd, *Never uſe it, but when the matter requires it, and then too very ſparingly.*

Concerning the *Numbers*, in which *Paſtoral* ſhould be written, this is my opinion; the *Heroick* Meaſure, but not ſo ſtrong and ſounding as in *Epicks*, is to be choſen. *Virgil* and *Theocritus* have given us examples; for tho *Theocritus* hath in one Idyllium mixt other Numbers, yet that can be of no force againſt all the reſt; and *Virgil* uſeth no Numbers but *Heroick*, from whence it may be inferr'd, that thoſe are the fitteſt.

Paſto-

Paſtoral may ſometimes admit plain, but not long *Narrations*, ſuch as *Socrates* in *Plato* requires in a Poet; for he chiefly approves thoſe who uſe a plain *Narration*, and commends that above all other which is ſhort, and fitly expreſſeth the nature of the Thing. Some are of opinion that *Bucolicks* cannot endure Narrations, eſpecially if they are very long, and imagine there are none in *Virgil*: but they have not been nice enough in their obſervations, for there are ſome, as that in *Silenus*:

Young Chromis *and* Mnaſylus *chanct to ſtray,*
Where (ſleeping in a Cave) Silenus *lay,*
Whoſe conſtant Cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boyl in each extended vein:
His truſty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn out with Age, and Uſe, &c.

But becauſe *Narrations* are ſo ſeldom to be found in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, I think they ought not to be often us'd; yet if the matter will bear it, I believe ſuch as *Socrates* would have, may very fitly be made uſe of.

The Compoſure will be more ſuitable to the Genius of a Shepherd, if now and then there are ſome ſhort turns and digreſſions from the purpoſe: Such is that concerning *Paſiphae* in *Silenus*, although 'tis almoſt too long; but we may give *Virgil* a little leave, who takes ſo little liberty himſelf.

Con-

Concerning *Descriptions* I cannot tell what to lay down, for in this matter our Guides, *Virgil*, and *Theocritus*, do not very well agree. For he in his first *Idyllium* makes such a long immoderate description of his *Cup*, that *Criticks* find fault with him, but no such description appears in all *Virgil*; for how sparing is he in his description of *Melibœus*'s Beechen Pot, the work of Divine *Alcimedon*? He doth it in *five* verses, *Theocritus* runs out into *thirty*, which certainly is an argument of a wit that is very much at leisure, and unable to moderate his force. That *shortness* which *Virgil* hath prudently made choice of, is in my opinion much better; for a Shepherd, who is naturally incurious, and unobserving, cannot think that tis his duty to be exact in particulars, and describe every thing with an accurate niceness: yet *Roncardus* hath done it, a man of most correct judgment, and, in imitation of *Theocritus*, hath, considering the then poverty of our language, admirably and largely describ'd *his* Cup; and *Marinus* in his Idylliums hath follow'd the same example. He never keeps within compass in his Descriptions, for which he is deservedly blam'd; let those who would be thought accurate, and men of judgment, follow *Virgil*'s prudent moderation. Nor can the Others gain any advantage from *Moschus*'s *Europa*, in which the description of the *Basket* is very long, for that Idyllium is not *Pastoral*: yet I confess, that some

deſcriptions of ſuch trivial things, if not minutely accurate, may, if ſeldom us'd, be decently allow'd a place in the diſcourſes of *Shepherds*.

But tho you muſt be ſparing in your *Deſcriptions*, yet your *Compariſons* muſt be frequent, and the more often you uſe them, the better and more graceful will be the Compoſure; eſpecially if taken from ſuch things, as the Shepherds muſt be familiarly acquainted with: They are frequent in *Theocritus*, but ſo proper to the Country, that none but a *Shepherd* dare uſe them. Thus *Menalcas* in the eighth Idyllium:

Rough Storms to Trees, to Birds the treacherous (Snare,
Are frightful Evils; Springes to the Hare,
Soft Virgins Love to Man, &c.

And *Damætas* in *Virgil*'s *Palæmon*,

Woolves Sheep deſtroy, Winds Trees when newly (blown,
Storms Corn, and me my Amaryllis *frown.*

And that in the eighth *Eclogue*,

As Clay grows hard, Wax ſoft in the ſame fire,
So Daphnis *does in one extream deſire.*

And ſuch *Compariſons* are very frequent in him, and very ſuitable to the Genius of a Shepherd; as likewiſe often *repetitions*, and doublings of ſome words: which, if they are luckily plac'd, have an unexpreſſible quaintneſs, and make the Numbers extream ſweet, and the turns raviſhing and delightful. An inſtance of this we have in *Virgil*'s *Melibæus*,

Phyllis *the Hazel loves; whilſt* Phyllis *loves that (Tree,*

Mr-

Myrtles than Hazels of leſs fame ſhall be.

As for the *Manners* of your *Shepherds*, they muſt be ſuch as theirs who liv'd in the Iſlands of the Happy or Golden Age: They muſt be candid, ſimple, and ingenuous; lovers of Goodneſs, and Juſtice, affable, and kind; ſtrangers to all fraud, contrivance, and deceit; in their Love modeſt, and chaſt, not one ſuſpitious word, no looſe expreſſion to be allowed: and in this part *Theocritus* is faulty, *Virgil* never; and this difference perhaps is to be aſcrib'd to their Ages, the times in which the latter liv'd being more polite, civil, and gentile. And therefore thoſe who make wanton Love-ſtories the ſubject of Paſtorals, are in my opinion very unadvis'd; for all ſort of lewdneſs or debauchery are directly contrary to the *Innocence* of the *golden* Age. There is another thing in which *Theocritus* is faulty, and that is making his Shepherds too ſharp, and abuſive to one another; *Comatas* and *Lacon* are ready to fight, and the railing between thoſe two is as bitter as *Billingsgate:* Now certainly ſuch Raillery cannot be ſuitable to thoſe ſedate times of the Happy Age.

As for *Sentences*, if weighty, and Philoſophical, common Senſe tells us they are not fit for a *Shepherd*'s mouth. Here *Theocritus* cannot be altogether excus'd, but *Virgil* deſerves no reprehenſion But *Proverbs* juſtly challenge admiſſion into *Paſtorals*, nothing being more common in the

the mouths of Countrymen than old Sayings.

Thus much seem'd necessary to be premis'd out of *RAPIN*, for the direction and information of the Reader.

ERRATA.

p. 13. *l.* 15. *read* the wind. *p.* 15. *l.* 16. *read* sight. *p.* 60. *l.* 4. *read* Shoes. *p.* 95. *l.* 17. *read* whilst all. *p.* 112. *l.* 9. *read* of my Love.

THEOCRITUS

Thomas Idyllium I. Vaughan.

Called *Thyrsis*, or ᾠδὴ ἐρωτικὴ Ἰμέρα.

A Goatherd perſwades the Shepherd Thyrſis *to bewail* Daphnis *who dy'd for Love, and gives him a large Cup and Goat for a reward. The Scene* Sicily, *about the River* Himera.

Thyrſis.

GOatherd, that Pine-tree's boughs by yonder ſpring
In pleaſing murmurs mix, and *ſweetly* ſing:
And Thou doeſt *ſweetly* pipe, dear charming Swain,
And well deſerv'ſt the *next* reward to *Pan*:
If *He* muſt have a *Kid*, a *Goat*'s *Thy* due,
If *He* a *Goat*, a *Kid* belongs to *Thee*:

And that's no mean reward, for *Kids* are good,
And till *they're milkt* the fleſh is dainty food.

Goatherd.

And, *Shcapherd*, ſweeter Notes thy Pipe do fill
Than murmuring ſprings that roul from yonder hill.
When *Muſes* claim a *Sheep*, a *Lamb*'s thy due;
When *they* a *Lamb*, *thou* ſhalt receive a *Ewe*.

Thyrſis.

And will You, by the *Nymphs*, grant one deſire,
Will you to neighbouring *ſhady banks* retire,
And ſit and pipe? come ſhow thy wond'rous skill,
I'le thank thee for't, and feed thy *Goats* the while.

Goatherd.

I dare not, faith I dare not pipe at *Noon*,
Affraid of *Pan*, for when his Hunting's done,
And He lyes down to ſleep by purling ſtreams,
He's very touchy if we break his dreams:
But *Thyrſis* (for you know fair *Daphnis* pains,
And ſingſt the beſt of all the tuneful Swains)
Let's go and ſit beneath yon Myrtle boughs,
Where ſtands *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* repoſe,
Where thy *Hut*'s built, and many an *Acorn* grows,
And there if thou wilt pipe as ſweet a Lay

As when you ſtrove with †*Crome* and wan the day,
Ile give Thee my beſt *Goat*, a lovely white;
She ſuckles Two, yet fills Three Pails at night;
Beſides a *Cup* with ſweeteſt Wax o're lay'd,
A fine Two-handled Pot, and newly made:
Still of the Tool it ſmells, it neatly ſhines,
And round the brim a creeping Ivy twines
With *Crocus* mixt; where Kids do ſeem to brouze,
The Berryes crop, and *wanton* in the boughs:
Within a *Woman* ſits, a work divine,
Thro envious vails her dazling *Beauty*'s ſhine,
And all around *neat Woers* offer Love,
They ſtrive, they quarrel, but they cannot move:
Now ſmiling here, now there ſhe caſts her Eyes,
And now to *Theſe*, now *Thoſe* her mind applyes:
Whilſt They, their Eyes ſwoln big with watchful pain,
Still Love, ſtill beg, but all, *poor hearts*, in vain.
Near Theſe a *Fiſher* on white Rocks is ſet,
He ſeems to gather up to caſt his Net:
He ſtands as labouring, and his Limbs appear
All ſtretcht, and in his face mix hope and fear:
The Nerves in's Neck are ſwoln, look firm and ſtrong,
All-tho He's *old*, and fit for one that's *Young*:

†*The name of a Sheapherd.*

Next him ripe Grapes in *blushing* Clusters twine,
And a fair *Boy* sits by to keep the Vine:
On either side a *Fox*; *one* widely gapes,
He eyes the Vines, and spoils the ripning Grapes:
The *other* minds the Skrip, resolv'd to seize
And rob the *Fondling* of his Bread and Cheese;
Whilst He sets idly busy, neatly tyes
Soft tender twigs, and frames a Net for Flyes;
Pleas'd with his vain designes, a careless Boy,
And more than Grapes or Skrip he minds the Toy.
Round all a *Creeping Woodbine* doth aspire,
A † curious sight, i'me sure you must admire:
'Twas *Calydons*, but when he crost the Seas
I bought it for a *Goat*, and *Rammel* Cheese:
It never toucht my Lips, unsoild, and new,
And this I freely will present to you,
* If you will sing how in the shady Grove
Young *Daphnis* pin'd, and how He dy'd for Love.
I am in Earnest, I will love Thee long,
And surely mind the favour of thy song.

† *Some take* αἰόλικον, *as relating to the Country, and would not have* Caly don *in the next line to be a proper Name.*

* Heinsius *reads* ἐφ' ἡμέρᾳ ὕμνον, *right no doubt, but it matters little.*

Thyrsis

Thyrsis.

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song:
'Tis *Thyrsis* song, *Thyrsis* from *Ætna* came,
* Sweet is his voice, and sounding as his fame:
Where were you *Nymphs*? Where did the *Nymphs* reside,
Where were you then when *Daphnis* pin'd and dy'd?
On *Pindus* Top, or *Tempe's* open plain?
Where careless Nymphs forgetful of the Swain?
For not one *Nymph* by swift *Asopus* stood,
Nor *Ætnas* Cliff, nor *Acis* sacred flood.

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue.
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song:
For him the *Woolves*, the *Pards*, and *Tigers* moan'd,
For *Him* with frightful grief the *Lions* groan'd:

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.
A thousand Heifers, Bulls, and Cows, and Steers
Lay round his feet, and melted into Tears:

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.
First *Hermes* came, and with a gentle touch
He rais'd, and and askt him whom he loved so much?

† *Some read,* ἃ δὲ φωνὰ *some* ἁδέα.

Pan

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Song.

The *Plowmen*, *Heardsmen*, and the *Sheapherds* came,
And askt what ill? and what had rais'd the flame?
Priapus came from neighbouring ſhades, and ſaid,
Poor *Daphnis*, why doſt pine? why hang thy head?
* Mean while the Nymph doth o're the fields complain,
She calls the Woods, and chides the perjured Swain;

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural ſong.

Ah *Daphnis* looſe and wanton in thy Love!
A *Heardsman* thought, thou doſt a *Goatherd* prove!
A *Goatherd* when he ſees the *Kids* at rut
Sits down, and grieves that He's not born a *Goat*;
Thus when you ſee the *Virgins* dance, you grieve
Becauſe refus'd, and now diſdain to live:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Song.

All this young *Daphnis* heard, but mute he ſate,
Indulg'd his grief, and haſtened to his Fate:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Song.

† *I follow* Heinſius *his Comment, which ſeems to be the beſt, and moſt agreeable to the Poets deſign.*

Then

Then *Venus* came, a *Smile* her face poſſeſt,
A faint *half ſmile*; fierce anger fill'd her breaſt:
And ſaid, well *Daphnis* you could fight with *Love*,
With what ſucceſs the haughty *Sheapherd* ſtrove!
You ſcorn'd his Bow, and you his Darts diſgrac't;
But *Daphnis* was not Love too ſtrong at laſt?

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Song.

And thus the *Youth* reply'd, diſdainful foe,
Ah cruel *Venus*, curſed by all below?
The *Sun* hath told, I fall, but ſtill ſhall prove
Midſt ſhades below a deadly plague to *Love*:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Song:

Go, go to *Ida*, there, as ſtory goes,
Are *Scenes* of Pleaſure, there *Anchiſes* does:——
Go *Venus*, there are ſhades, and Cypreſs bowers,
And labouring Bees buz o'r e the riſeing flowers:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:

There lives *Adonis*, there the *wondrous* fair,
There feeds his Sheep, ſhoots Beaſts, and hunts the Hare:

† *This reading ſeems beſt, tho againſt the opinion of ſeveral of the Criticks.*

Pan

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:

Go now ſtout *Diomed*, go ſoon purſue,
Go noſe him now, and boaſt, my Arts o'rethrew
Young *Daphnis*, fight, for I'me a match for you:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:

Ye Woolves, ye Lions, and ye Bores adieu,
For *Daphnis* walks no more in Woods with you;
Adieu fair *Arethuſe*, fair ſtreams that ſwell
Thro *Thymbrian* plains, ye ſilver ſtreams farewel:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:

That *Daphnis* I that here my Oxen fed,
That here my Bulls and Cows to water led:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:

Pan, Pan, where e're you keep your *Sylvan* court,
Whether on *Lyce's* tops the *Satyrs* ſport,
Or wanton o're the high *Menalian* hill;
We beg Thee viſit *Sicily's* fair Iſle,
Leave *Helick's* Cliff, from *Licon's* Tomb remove,
A Tomb to be admir'd by Gods above.

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:
Come mighty King, come *Pan*, and take my Pipe
Well joyn'd with Wax, and fitted to my Lip,
For now 'tis uſeleſs grown, *Love* ſtops my Breath,
I cannot Pipe, but muſt be *mute* in death:

Pan raiſe my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the rural ſong:
On every Shrub and Thorn let Lillies ſmile,
Let Privet berries ſtain the Daffadil;
Let all things change, the Pine tree's lofty head
Let mellow Pears adorn, ſince *Daphni*'s dead,
Let Deer purſue the Dogs, on every buſh
Let Schreech-Owls ſit, and chatter with the Thruſh:

Pan raiſe my voice no more, Pan ſtop my tongue,
End Muſes, end, end Muſe, the rural ſong:
This ſaid He dy'd, fair *Venus* rub'd the Swain,
And idly ſtrove to bring him back again;
For cruel *Fate* had broken every thread
And o're the *Stygian* Lake young *Daphni* fled:
The cruel waves enclos'd the lovely Boy
The *Nymphs* delight, and *Muſes* chiefeſt joy:

Pan raiſe my voice no more, Pan ſtop my tongue,
End Muſes, end, end Muſe the rural ſong
Give me the *Cup* the promis'd *Goat* produce,
That I may milk, and offer to my *Muſe*;
Hail, *Muſes*, hail, all hail ye ſacred *Nine*,
I'le ſtill improve, and make my Song divine.

Goat-heard,

Dear *Thyrſis*! O! may Hony drops diſtil,
And Hony Combs, thy mouth, dear Sheaperd, fill!
It fits thy ſweetneſs, youth, for *Thyrſis* ſings
More ſweet than *Inſects* bred in flowry ſprings:
Here take the Cup, view it, how rare the ſmell!
As ſweet as waſht in the *Springs* fragrant well:
Come * *Browning*, milk her; *Kids*, forbear to skip,
The *Goat* is wanton, *Kids*, and he may leap.

* *The name of the Goat.*

Idyllium II.

Idyllium II.

Or the Inchantment.

Samætha being forſaken by Delphis reſolves to try the force of Charms to recover his affection; applyes herſelf to the Moon as a powerful Goddeſs in both thoſe matters, and after ſhe hath ſent away her maid, tells the ſtory of her misfortune.

To GEORGE PITT Jun. Eſquire.

MAid, where's my *Lawrel*? Oh my rageing Soul!
Maid, where's the *Potion?* fill the *Baſon* full,
And crown the narrow brim with *Purple* wool:
That I might charm my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my arms again:
For *Cruel* he theſe Twelve long days hath fled,
And knows not whether I'me alive or dead:
He hath not broke my Doors theſe Twelve long days,
Ah me! perhaps his varying Love decays,
Or elſe he dotes upon another face.
I'le run to morrow to the *Fencing* houſe,
And ask him what he means to uſe me thus:
But now I'le charm him, *Moon*, ſhine bright and clear,
To thee I will direct my ſecret prayer;

To *Thee*, and *Hecate*, whom *Dogs* do dread
When ſtain'd with gore, ſhe ſtalks amidſt the dead:
Hail *frightful Hecate*, aſſiſt me ſtill
Make mine as great as fam'd *Medea's* skill:

* *Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain*
And force him back into my Arms again.

Firſt burn the *Flowr*, then ſtrew the * *other* on,
Strew it. How? where's your ſenſe and duty gone?
Baſe *Theſtylis*! and am I ſo forlorn,
And grown ſo low that I'me become your ſcorn!
But ſtrew the * *Salt*, and ſay iu angry tones
I ſcatter *Delphids*, perjur'd *Delphids* bones.

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain
And force him back into my Arms again.

Firſt *Delphid* injur'd me, he rais'd my flame,
And now I burn this *Bough* in *Delphids* name:
As this doth blaze, and break away in fume,
How ſoon it takes! let *Delphids* Fleſh conſume.

---

* *A Bird ſacred to* Venus *much uſed in Love Charms*
* ἄλλ' *not* ἀλλ'
* πασσ' ἅλα *not* ἀλλ'

Jynx

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my Arms again.

As this devoted *Wax* melts ore the Fire
Let *Mindian Delphy* melt in warm deſire,
And, *Venus*, as I whirl this *brazen* bowl,
Before my doors let perjur'd *Delphid* rowl:

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my Arms again.

Now now I ſtrow the *Flowr*, *Moon* you can bow
E'en *Rhadamanth*, and all that's fierce below,
Hark *Theſtilis* our Dogs begin to howl,
The *Goddeſs* comes, go beat the *brazen* bowl.

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my Arms again.

The Sea grows ſmooth, and eaſe becalms my Wind,
But griefs ſtill rage, and toſs my troubled mind:
I burn for *Him*, for *Him* whoſe Arts betraid
And wrought my ſhame, for I'me no more a *maid.*

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my arms again.

Thrice, thrice I pour, and thrice repeat my charms,

What

What ever *Boy or Maid* now fills his arms,
Let dark oblivion ſpread o're *Delphids* mind,
As dark as that, that once did * *Theſeus* blind
When he at *Naxos* left his Love behind.
Hippomanes a Plant *Arcadia* bears,
This makes Steeds mad, and this excites the Mares,
And Oh that I could ſee my *Delphid* come
From th' *Oyly Feneing* Houſe ſo raveing home.

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my Arms again.

This piece from dear falſe *Delphids* garment torn
I tear again, and am reſolv'd to burn,
Ah cruel *Love*! ah moſt relentleſs God,
Why like a Leech ſtill eager on his food,
Doſt wound my heart, and ſuck out all my blood?

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my Arms again.

A *Lizzard* ſqueez'd ſhall make a powerful bowl
To morrow, ſtrong to tame his ſtubborn Soul:
Now take theſe Poyſons, I'le procure thee more,
And ſtrew them at the *Threſhold* of his door,

* *The ſtory of* Theſeus *and* Ariadne *is known.*

That

That door where violent *Love* hath fixt my mind,
Tho he regards not; *Cruel* and *Unkind*!
Strew them, and ſpitting ſay in angry tones,
I ſcatter *Delphids*, perjur'd *Delphids* bones.

Jynx reſtore my falſe, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my arms again.

Now I'me alone ſhall I lament my ſtate?
But where ſhall I begin? what wrought my Fate?
Anaxo Eubul's daughter neatly dreſt
Begd me to go and ſee *Diana's* feaſt,
For fame had told, *Wild beaſts* muſt there be ſhown
In ſolem pomp, a *Lioneſs* was one.

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe thy flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

With Hers my *Nurſe*, did all her vows unite,
And bad me go, for 'twould be worth my night,
So forc't, and finely dreſt, in Pomp and State
I went, attended by an *evil* Fate.

Tell Sacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Near *Lyco's* Houſe break thro the yielding throng,
I ſaw my *Delphis*, vigorous, ſtout, and young,

A Golden Down ſpread o're his youthful Chin,
His breaſt, bright *Moon*, was brighter far than thine:
For ſpread with *glorious* Ovl he lately came
From *noble Fenceing*, and from winning Fame:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Oh when I ſaw, how did the ſight ſurprize!
My *Soul* took Fire, and *ſparkeld* thro my eyes,
My *Color* chang'd, regardleſs of the ſhow
I haſted home, but came I know not how;
A burning feavour ſeiz'd my *thoughtful head*,
And *Twelve* long days and nights I kept my bed,

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came

My Roſy *Color* d'yd into a Pale,
My Eyes grew dim, my hair began to fall,
Meer Skin and Bones, I liv'd, I breath'd and prayd,
And ſought to every Cunning man for aid:
All *charms* were try'd, and various *Figures* caſt,
But ah no help, and time did ſwiftly waſt:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my paſſion came.

At laſt I told my Maid the naked truth,
Go *Theſtilis*, have pitty on my youth;
Go find ſome cure to eaſe my rageing ſmart;
Young *Delphid* is the *Tyrant* of my Heart:
Go to the Fenceing Houſe, ther's his delight,
For there he walks, and there he loves to ſit.

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

And if alone, give him a gentle Nod,
And ſoftly tell him that *Samætha* wou'd
(Speak, ſpeak, tho modeſt fear doth ſtrike thee dumb)
Enjoy him here, and beg him he would come.
She went, ſhe found, and told him what I ſaid,
He *Gladly* heard, and eagerly obey'd.
But when he came, how great was the ſurprize
Chills ſhook my *Soul*, and I grew *cold* as Ice:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Cold ſweat flow'd down my Cheeks like *driving* rain,
And when I ſtrove to ſpeak, I ſtrove in vain;
No noiſe would come, not ſuch as lull'd in reſt
Young *Infants* murmur o're their mothers breaſt:
No ſign of Life did thro my Limbs appear,

But I grew ſtiff, ſtiff as this *Gold* I wear:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Then *cruel* he ſate down, he preſt my bed,
His eyes were fixt, and as he ſate he ſaid,
Samætha you do me as far ſurpaſs,
As I *Philiſtus* when we ran the race;
Too quick for me in this your kind intent,
You did my haſt, tho not my wiſh prevent.

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

For I had come at night, by *Love* tis true,
Unſent for I had come to wait on you:
With Apples in my Lap, with * Poplar crown'd
With Ivy twin'd, and Ribbonds neatly bound:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Where if *admitted* t' had been kindly done
For I am thought the *beauty* of the Town;

* *This was the Cuſtom to wait on their beloved with theſe Love Toys, as Apples, and Garlands to perform their Ceremony called* ἀναδησις, *His was to be of Poplar as befiting a Wreſtler, being a Tree ſacred to* Hercules.

And tho perhaps I wiſht for greater bliſs
I would have been contented with a kiſs;
But if deny'd, or flam'd with dull delay
Streight fire and force had come, and broke a way:

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

But now to *Venus* my firſt thanks are due,
The next *Samætha* muſt be paid to you,
To you *Samætha*, you, whoſe gentle hand
From raging fires ſecur'd the *flaming* brand,
And ſaved poor *half-burnt* Me, for *Love* doth raiſe
Fires fierce as thoſe that in hot *Ætna* blaze;

Tell ſacred Moon what firſt did raiſe my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Paſſion came.

Young tender *Maids* to unknown Madneſs drives,
And from warm *Husbands* Arms it forces Wives:
Thus *He*, and *heedleſs I* believ'd too ſoon,
He preſt *My* hand in *His*, and laid me down
On the ſoft bed, when ſtreight lock't Arm in Arm
In ſtrickt embraces both grew *gently* warm;
Our *breath* was hot and ſhort, we panting lay,
We look't, we *murmur'd*, and we dy'd away:
Our Cheeks did *glow*, and *fainting* vertue ſtrove,

At last it yielded to the force of Love:
But what need all this talk? bright sacred Moon,
Both were well pleas'd, and some strange thing was done:
And ever since we lov'd, and liv'd at ease,
No *sullen* Minutes broke our *Happiness*;
Till soon this morning e're the Sun could rise,
Aud drive his Charriot thro the yielding Skies
To fetch the Rosy Morn from waves below,
I heard the fatal news, and knew my woe:
My *Maids* own *Mother*, she that lives hard by
An Honest Woman, and she scorns to ly;
She came and askt me, is your *Delphid* kind?
And have you firm possession of his Mind?
For I am sure, but whether *Maid* or *Boy*
I cannot tell, he courts *another* joy:
For he drinks *Healths*, and when those Healths are past,
He must be gone, and goes away in haste:
Besides with Garlands all his Rooms are drest,
And he prepares, as for a Marriage Feast;
This as as she walkt last night she chanc't to view,
And told it me, and oh, I fear 'tis true!
For *He* was wont to come twice, thrice a day,
He saw me still as he return'd from play;
But now since *he* was here twelve nights are past,
Am I forgotten? am I left at last?

Whilst

Whilſt *perjur'd* he for other Beauty burns,
My Love I'me ſure deſerv'd more kind returns,
But now I'le Charm, but if he ſcorns me ſtill
I'le force him down to Hell, by Fate, I will:
Such powerful drugs a *Witch* did once impart
She taught me ſuch ſtrange Charms, ſuch force of Art:
But now farewel bright *Moon*, turn lovely Moon
To Waves below, and drive thy Charriot down,
Go lovely *Moon*, and wake the ſleepy Morn:
I'le bear my trouble ſtill, as I have born;
Farewel, and you attending Stars that wheel
Round Nights black Axle-tree, bright Stars, farewel.

Idyllium III.

The Goatherd.

He repines at the coyneſs of his Miſtriſs and ends in deſpair.

I go to *Phyllis*, and on yonder Rock
My Goats are fed, and *Tityrus* keeps my flock;
Dear *Tityrus* watch, and ſee the Goats be fed,
To morning Paſtures, Evening Waters led,
But 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgling's butting head:
Ah lovely *Phyllis* why ſo wondrous coy!
Why wo'nt you take me to the promis'd joy?
Why wo'nt you meet me now in yonder Grove
Lean on my Breaſt, and Kiſs, and call me Love?
Doſt hate me, *Phyllis*? do's my Noſe when near
Seem hookt, too long my Beard, and rough my hair?
Am I deform'd? diſpleaſing to thy *Eye*!
Grown ugly now! I ſee that I muſt dye:
Ten Apples I have ſent, you ſhow'd the Tree,
Ten more to morrow; all I pluck for Thee;
Could I enjoy what e're my wiſh can crave,
I'de turn that *Bee* that flies into thy Cave,

There

There ſoftly thro thy ſhady Garland creep,
And ſteal a Kiſs when you are faſt aſleep;
I know what *Love* is now, a cruel God,
A Tygreſs bore, and nurſt him in a Wood;
A cruel God, he ſhoots thro every vein,
And fires my bones, have pitty on my pain:
Dear, black ey'd ſweet, all ſtone, ah lovely face,
Be kind again, and grant one kind embrace;
Do, claſp thy humble Swain, and grant one Kiſs,
E'en *empty* Kiſſes have a ſecret bliſs.
I rave, and I ſhall tear the Crowns I made,
Of Fragrant Parſly twin'd, to grace your head;
Ah me! unhappy me! what pains I bear?
Ah me! undone! yet you refuſe to hear:
My Jerkin's off, I'le leap into the flood
From yon high Rock, where *Olpis* often ſtood
To ſnare his Trouts; and tho I do not drown
'Twill pleaſe Thee *Phyllis*, ſure, to hear 'twas done:
All this I knew: when I deſign'd to prove
Whether I ſhould be happy in my Love,
I preſt the *Long-live*, but invain did preſs,
It gave no lucky ſound of good ſucceſs:
To *Agrio* too I made the ſame demand,
A cunning Woman ſhe, I croſt her hand;
She turn'd the Sieve and Sheers, and told me true,

That

That I ſhould love, but not be lov'd by you:
I have a pretty Goat, a lovely white,
She bears two Kids, yet fills three Pails at night,
This *tawny Beſs* hath beg'd, and beg'd in vain,
But now 'tis hers ſince you my gifts diſdain:
My right Eye itches now, and ſhall I ſee
My Love? I'le ſit and pipe by yonder tree,
And ſhe may look on me, ſhe may be won,
She may be kind, ſhe is not perfect Stone:
When young *Hippomanes* fought the Maids embrace,
He took the Golden fruit, and ran the race.
But when ſhe view'd, how ſtrong was the ſurprize!
Her Soul took Fire, and ſparkled thro her Eyes,
How did her paſſions, how her fury move!
How ſoon ſhe leapt into the deepeſt Love!
From *Ætna*'s top to *Pyle Melampus* drove
His tender Flock, and met a noble Love:
Wiſe *Alphisb*'s mother opened all her charms
To *Bias* Eyes, and wanton'd in his Arms:
Adonis liv'd a Swain, and yet the Boy
Fir'd *Venus* breaſt, ſhe prov'd ſo mad for joy
That in her lap ſhe warm'd his dying Head,
Kiſſt his cold Lips, and would not think him dead:
Tho young *Endymion* fed ten Thouſand Sheep,
I envy nothing but his laſting ſleep: I envy

I envy *Jason's* happy dreams, my Dear,
They tasted joys which no prophane must hear,
Joys too divine for an unhallow'd Ear:
Ah me my head! but who regards my pain!
I'le fall, despair, and never pipe again:
A prey to Woolvs, 'twill be a dainty feast,
And sweeter far than Hony to thy taste.

Idyllium IV.

Battus *and* Corydon *in a paſtoral way diſcourſe of ſeveral things.*

To His good friend Mr. E. Lyde *of* Horſpath.

B. WHoſe Herds? *Philonda's?* tell whoſe Herds they (are,
C. Ægon's, for *Ægon* gave them to my care,
B. Do'nt you play falſe, and ſometimes milk a Cow,
By ſtealth? *C.* No, my old Maſter eyes me ſo,
Gives the Calves ſuck, and watches what I do:
B. But where is *Ægon*? where's the Herdsman gone?
C. What ha'nt you heard? for ſure the ſtory's known,
B. Not I, I live out of the road of Fame:
C. Milo hath him drawn to th' *Olympian* game:
B. And what will He do there, rude artleſs Swain?
C. But yet his ſtrength is fam'd o're all the plain;
As big as *Hercules*, as ſtout and ſtrong,
B. More known for brutal force, than fam'd for Song:
C. He nere plaid Cudgels but he broak a head,
Stout *Caſtor's* match I'me ſure my mother ſaid:

A ſcore

A ſcore of * Sheep he carried, and a Spade,
B. What will not *Milo* do, that can perſwade
This Clown to leave his wealth, and court a ſhade?
C. His Cows here want him, and mourn o're the plain:
B. Poor Beaſts! and how unhappy in a Swain!
C. Poor beaſts! they will not eat, but idlely low;
B. Ah careleſs Herdsman! look on yonder Cow,
Poor Beaſt I pitty her, how gaſtly thin!
Her bones are creeping thro the famiſht skin:
See you may tell her Ribs, her entrails view:
What, like an Inſect, doth ſhe feed on Dew?
C. No; and I hope to ſee her ſhortly prove,
She ſometimes doth in *Latym's* ſhady Grove
And ſometimes o're *Aſaru's* paſtures ſtray,
And there I feed her at a rack of Hay:
B. Look that red Bull is lean, meer skin and bone,
May the *Lampridæ*, when they would attone
Great *Juno's* anger; meet with ſuch a one;
Lean be his aged fleſh, corrupt his blood,
For they deſerv't, ah tis a curſed brood:

* *For diet and exerciſe before he Wreſtled.*

C. And yet I feed him, by the Springs He goes,
Or in *Neætha*'s plains, where plenty flows,
The Gilcup Cowslip, and the Dazy grows:
B. Ah wretched *Ægon* here thy Oxen dye
Whilst you pursue a foolish Victory:
Thy best new Pipe is spoyl'd, tis mouldy grown,
Alas it must be spoyl'd now Thou art gone:
C. No fear of that, for when He went away
He gave it me, and, *Battus*, I can play:
I sing smooth *Pyrrhus* songs, I gain renown
To *Croto*, *Zacynth* is a pretty Town,
Lacinius rises proudly to the East,
There *Ægon* once eat eighty Cakes at least:
There did I see him whilst He bravely strove,
Draw down the Bull, and give him to his love,
To *Amaryllis*, all with joy were fill'd
The Women shouted, and the Herdsman smil'd:
B. Ah lovely *Amaryllis*, you alone
Do still possess my mind, tho dead and gone;
Dear as my Goats you dy'd, and left me here
Ah me how hard's my Fate, and how severe!
C. Cheer up, dear *Battus*, better days may come
To morrow, chance, may bring a milder doom:

Th'

Th' alive may hope, the dead are hopeleſs, loſt;
Jove ſometimes ſmiles, and ſometimes *frowns* in froſt:
B. I do cheer up, but drive your Heifers down
They ſpoil my Olives, *Browning*, Hiſt, begone:
C. Hah, *Colly*, to the bank: not ſtir by Jove?
If I come to ye, In faith, I'le make ye move:
See now ſhe runs this way; a curſed Cow!
Had I my Paddle thou ſhouldſt feel me now:
B. Look here for God's ſake, oh it pricks, it pricks!
I've caught a thorn, oh me how deep it ſticks!
Pray pull it out, doſt ſee it? look 'tis there;
Pox take the Cow, I'me ſure 'twas long of her:
C. I have it out, 'twas this, come, all is well,
B. How ſmall the wound, yet what vaſt Courage fell!
C. Ne're walk ore mountains, *Swain*, without your Shoe,
For there are thorns, and there ſharp prickles grow:
B. But *Swain*, does thy old Maſter ſtill purſue
His old Sweet-heart, or doth he court a new;
C. His old one ſtill, poor wretch! in yonder grove
I trac'd, and found them in a Scene of Love:
B. Oh brave old luſty Goat! thy race may vye
With ſmall ſhank't *Pan*'s, or *Satyr*'s Leachery!

Idyllium V.

The Goatherd Comatas, *and Herdsman* Laco *contend in Singing, They lay a Wager, and chuse* Morso *Judge: The victory is determin'd on the Goatherd's side.*

To Owen Salisbury *Esquire.*

C. FLY Goats fly *Laco*, fly, and safely feed;
He stole my skin last night, dear Goats take heed:
L. Lambs do'nt you fly the springs? Lambs don't you fear,
When He that lately stole my Pipe's so near?
C. Thy Pipe! what Pipe hadst Thou, thou slavish lout,
Couldst Thou and *Corydon* do ought but toot
On Oaten straws, to please the foolish rout?
L. The Pipe that *Lycon* gave, free haughty fool;
But pray what skin was that that *Laco* stole?
What skin *Comatas*? where couldst thou have one?
Thy master wants a skin to sleep upon:
C. That spotted skin which, when He kill'd a Goat
To th' Nymphs, *Dick* gave; which you, you envious Sot,
Then griev'd to see; and now by knavish theft
Hast rob'd me of, 'twas all that I had left:
L. By *Pan* not *Laco*, not *Calaithis* Son
Did steal thy ~~Pipe~~ Skin, or know by whom 'twas done;

If

If this be'nt true, may I grow frantick, leap
From yonder Rocks, and ſink into the Deep:
C. And by the Fountain Nymphs, (thoſe Nymphs I find
My conſtant friends, ſtill generous and kind)
Comatas did not ſteal thy Pipe, believe
That this is true. and I thy fault forgive:
L. If I believe Thee may I bear the pains
That *Daphnis* bore, but ſince you boaſt your ſtrains,
Come ſtake a Goat, I'le pipe when e're you will,
Till you grow weary, and confeſs my skill:
C. A Sow, *Minerva*: I'me content to lay
A Kid, you ſtake a Lamb, and then let's play:
L. And how's that equal? oh you crafty fool,
Pray who Goats hair did ever ſheer for Wool?
C. He that's as ſure as you are to excel,
(Tho Waſps with Graſshoppers may ſtrive as well)
But ſince you think a Kid no equal ſtake,
Look there's a full-grown Goat, you ſhan't draw back:
L. Soft, ſoft, good Sir; and let us hence remove,
There's better ſinging in that ſhady Grove;
For there *cold water* flows, there Herbs do ſpring,
And there are graſſy beds, and locuſts ſing:
C. I'me not in haſt, but yet I'me vext to ſee,

That

That Thou ſhouldſt dare at laſt to ſtrive with me;
With me who when a Boy did teach thee ſtrains,
Are theſe the kind returns for all my pains?
But breed a Woolf, or an ungrateful Bear,
And He'l devour Thee for thy former care:
L. Pray when did I, you envious railing Sot,
E're learn, or hear from you one graceful Note?
But pray come hither, here are beds of graſs
And here wee'l ſing, 'tis a convenient place:
C. I'le not go thither, here are Cypreſs bowers,
Here labouring Bees buz o're the riſeing flowers;
Here *two cold ſtreams*, and here a fountain flows,
And pratling Birds do murmur thro the boughs:
Thy ſhade's not half ſo good, here Pines do grow,
Rear lofty heads, and ſcatter Nuts below:
L. No rather go with me, and every ſtep
Shall tread on *Lamb skins* Wool more ſoft than Sleep;
In thine are *Goat skins* ſpread of gaſtly hue,
They ſmell as rank, nay allmoſt worſe than you:
One bowl of Milk I to the *Nymphs* will crown,
And one of Oyl, if that will draw Thee on:
C. No, go with me, for mine are fairer bowers;
There Thou ſhalt tread upon the ſweeteſt flowers:
Beſides o're all I'le ſpread a lovely Skin,

'Tis

'Tis ten times ſofter, and as ſweet as thine:
Eight Bowls of Milk to *Pan* I'le freely Crown,
Of Hony eight, if that will draw Thee on:
L. Come then I'le go, the doubt at laſt is clear'd
Your skins, your ſhades ſhall be for once preferr'd;
But who ſhall judge, and who ſhall hear us play?
I wiſh the Herdsman *Licop* came this way:
C. I don't care much for him, bnt here's as good
Morſon the Keeper of our Maſter's Wood,
He makes your Faggots, and if you'l conſent
Wee'l call him, He ſhall be our Judge, *L.* content:
C. Then call him: *L* Friend, come here, we now conteſt
Which tunes the Rural Pipe, which Sings the beſt,
Whoſe Art is greateſt muſt be judg'd by Thee,
Judge right, and neither favor him, nor me:
C. No, *Morſon*, let deſert thy judgement guide,
Be faire to both, and lean to neither ſide;
This flock is *Thurius* flock, and theſe forſooth
Eumara's Goats; that you may know us both:
L. Did any ask to whom Theſe flocks belong,
To me, or *Thurius*? oh Thou haſt a Tongue!
C. What ere I ſay, Ime ſure, is nought but Truth,
I ſcorn to boaſt; But you've a railing mouth:

L. Sing, ſing, but let thy friend return again,
Alive; *Comatas*! Oh how ſweet a Swain!
C. Me more than *Daphnis* all the *Muſes* love,
Two Kids I lately offer'd in a Grove:
L. And me *Apollo* loves, a wanton Steer
I feed to offer, for his feaſt is near:
C. I milk two Goats; A maid in yonder Plain:
Lookt on, and ſigh'd, *doſt milk thy ſelf, poor Swain*!
L. Ha, *Laco*, hah, full twenty fats can fill
With Cheeſe, and hath a lovely youth at will:
C. The fair *Caliſtris*, as my Goats I drove,
With Apples pelts me, and ſtill murmurs Love:
L. And me ſmooth *Cratid*, when He meets me, fires;
I burn, I rage, and am all wild deſires:
C. Who with the Roſe, whoſe flower the buſh adorns,
Compares the meaner beauties of the Thorns?
L. And who will *Sloes* with *Damzen Plums* compare?
For thoſe are *black*, and theſe are *lovely* fair:
C. I'le give my Dear a *Dove*, in yonder woods
I'le climb, and take her down, for there ſhe broods:
L. A *fleece* to make a Coat, when firſt I ſheer
Black Rams, I will preſent unto my Dear:
C. Goats from the Olives, come and feed below,
By this declineing bank; there Myrtles grow:

L. Ho,

L. Ho, *Sharp-horn*, *Browning*, leave thoſe hurtful weeds'
And come and graze this way, where *Colly* feeds:
C. I have a *Cypreſs* Pail, and Cup; 'tis new,
Well wrought, and this, my Love, I keep for you:
L. I have a ſturdy *Spock*, it Woolvs will ſeize,
With this my *Boy* may hunt what Beaſts He pleaſe:
C. You *Locuſts*, you, that o're my fences throng,
Hurt not my *Vines* too much, for they are young:
L. See *Graſshoppers*, ſee how I nearly touch
The *Goatherd*, Reapers you provoke as much:
C. I hate the *bruſh tail'd Fox*, He comes at night,
Eats *Myco*'s Vines; and then prepares for flight:
L. I hate the *Beetles*, for they always prey
On my *Philonda*'s Figgs; then whisk away:
C. And do'nt you mind, when I---you know the trick--,
You wanton'd, laught, and clung to yonder ſtick:
L. Not that: but when your Maſter us'd to bind
And laſh you there, I know; for that I mind:
C. He's angry, *Morſon*: art Thou frantick Swain?
Go gather *Scilla*, that will purge thy brain:
L. *Morſon*, I nettle him, I vex him more,
Swain thon art Mad, go gather *Helebore*:
C. With milk *Himera*, and let *Crathis* flow
With purple Wine; let Figgs on Brambles grow:
L. Let *Sybaris* roul Hony, every Urn

My Servant dips with flowing Combs return:
C. My Goats eat Thyme, on Figgs they freely brouze,
They walk on Flaggs, and ly on tender Boughs:
L. My Sheep eat Parſly, thro the fields they ſtray,
They crop ſweet flowers, and Dazies all the day:
C. I love not *Alcipp*; (She I hop'd would prove
More kind) when I preſented Her a Dove,
She did not claſp, and kiſs, and call me Love;
L. I love *Eumedes* much, I gave my Pipe,
How ſweet a kiſs he gave; ah charming Lip!
C. Thou art contentious, *Lacon*, end thy ſtrains;
Pyes ſhould not ſtrive with Thruſhes, *Owls* with Swans:

Morſon.

End, Shepherd, end thy ſtrains, and dye for ſhame,
For *Morſon* ſays *Comatas* wins the Lamb:
Go offer to the Muſe, and ſend a Peice
To *Morſon*, for He claims it as his fees:

Comatas.

I will by *Pan*, my Goats all leap for joy:
And I'le friſk too, I'le leap into the Sky:
I'le toot at *Lacon*, I have won the Lamb,
Go fooliſh Shepherd, pine, and dye for ſhame:

Friſk

Frisk, Goats, and leap; in *Sybaris* purling ſpring
I'le waſh you all, and all the while I'le ſing:
Puſh not the Kids, you Goat, till I have done
The Sacrifice, if you dare puſh but one,
Thou ſhalt--- how now? well, thou ſhallt ſmart for this,
Or may *Comatas*, He that wan the prize,
Forget his Pipe, and looſe his flock, be poor;
And baſely beg his bread at *Laco*'s door.

Idyl.

Idyllium VI.

Damætas *and* Daphnis, *meeting at noon, ſing*; Daphnis *applies his Song to* Polyphemus, *who was in Love with* Galatæa, *and* Damætas *in his Perſon anſwers.*

To Thomas Wyndham *of* Lincolns Inn, *Eſquire.*

Damætas and the Herdsman *Daphnis* drove
Their flocks to feed, and took one ſhady grove;
The one was bearded, of a charming grace,
The other young; Down cloath'd his lovely face;
They ſate and wanton'd by a purling ſpring
I'th Middays heat; and thus began to ſing;
The lowing Herds lay round, and quencht their thirſt;
Firſt *Daphnis* ſang, for He had challeng'd firſt:

Daphnis.

Fair *Galatæa* from the ſmiling deep
With Apples, *Polyphemus*, pelts thy Sheep;
(See from the ſhore they all with haſt remove)
And ſays a Goatherd's an unskilful Love:
But you poor wretch, ah wretch! ne're view the Maid,
But ſit, and pipe; and call to floods for aid:
See there again, ſee how ſhe pelts thy Spock,
The faithful Dog that keeps thy wandring flock;

Hah

Hah, how he barks! and in a wild amaze
Looks o're the flood! and whilſt by ſhores he ſtrays
His ſhadow in the quiet water plays:
Ah! call him back, leſt when the Maid appears
He ruſhes on, and her fair limbs he tears:
But there ſhe wantons, ſhe, the charming fair,
As Down of thiſtles in the Summer Air;
And driven ſtill by an unlucky fate
Flies thoſe that love, and follows thoſe that hate:
Her ways are fooliſh, and in vain ſhe trys;
But, *Polyphem*, mean things do oft ſurprize,
For Love is Magick, and deceives the Eys:

Damætas.

And next *Damætas* ſang; I chanc't to look,
By *Pan* I did, whilſt ſhe did pelt my flock;
She could not ſcape this Eye, this ſingle one
By which I ſee, and will, till Life is gone;
Tho *Tellemus* foretells ſtrange ills to come;
Oh let him take, and keep his ills at home,
And for his Children treaſure up the Doom!
But ſtraightways I, to raiſe her flame the more,
Seem not to ſee her trace the yielding ſhore;
But can pretend I court another Miſs;
Then how ſhe frets, Good God! and how ſhe dys!

Oh

Oh with what eager haſt ſhe leaves the waves!
My Folds ſhe ſearches, and looks o're my Caves:
Beſides, my Dog, He is at my command,
Shall bark at her, and gently bite her hand:
For whilſt ſhe was my Love, the only ſhe,
He fawn'd, and laid his head upon her knee:
This if I practiſe long, ſhee'l ſtrive to move,
And ſend a Meſſage to declare her Love:
But I will ſhut my door, and ſcorn to heed,
Unleſs ſhe ſwears that ſhe will grant her bed;
For I'me not ugly, for laſt night I ſtood
And view'd my Figure in a quiet flood;
Let men ſay what they will, my face is fair,
My *Beard* is fine, I'me ſure; and neat my hair,
And this *one Eye*, in my Opinion, rare:
I have a ſet of Teeth, a finer white
No *Parian* Marble boaſts, a lovely ſight:
But leſt ſhe charm me, I have murmur'd thrice,
Spit thrice; for old *Cotytto* taught me this;
She that of late in rich *Hyppocoon*'s room
Sate mids't the Reapers, and ſang Harveſt home:
Thus ſang *Damætas*, and with eager joy
Young *Daphnis* kiſſt, and claps't the lovely Boy:

I gave them gifts that ſuited with their youth,
A Pipe, and Flute; and ſo I pleas'd them both:
The jocund Heifers wanton'd o're the fields
Whilſt both unconquer'd ſtand, and neither yields:

Idyllium. VII.

Theocritus *was entertain'd by* Phraſidamus *and* Antigones Licop's *Sons, and invited into the Country to a feaſt they then kept: As He was going He meets* Lycidas *the* Cretan, *and each ſings of his Love.*

To Mr. Tho Curganven.

NOW *Ceres* feaſt, was come, the Corn was grown,
When I, and dear *Eumedes* left the Town,
Amyntas made a third; we all deſign'd
To pay a viſit to a ſpecial friend,
Rich *Licop*'s Son, for then He kept the feaſt,
And kindly bad me be a welcome gueſt:
Rich *Lycop*'s Son, the glory of the Plains,
For generous blood runs thro his noble veins;
From *Chalco* down it came, the brave, the bold,
And gather'd ſtill freſh honors as it roll'd.
From *Chalco* down, That *He*, by whoſe command
The *Bourian* ſpring o'reflows the fruitful Land,
Around it Dazies grow, and all above
Tall Poplars ſpread, and make a ſhady Grove:
Scarce had we gone thro half the neighbouring Plain,
By *Braſil's* Tomb we met a muſeing Swain:
His name was *Lycidas*, the gay the yonng,
A *Cretan* born, and fam'd for Rural Song:

Soon

Soon as we ſaw him, He by all was known
To be a *Goatherd*, for He lookt like one:
For o're his ſhoulders hairy skins were ſpread,
They ſmelt as newly tand, or newly flead;
A tatter'd Mantle o're his breaſt was caſt,
And ty'd with an old girdle to his waſt;
His right hand with a knotty Crab was fill'd;
He lookt on me, and as he lookt, he ſmil'd:
Gay, vigorous, ſweet, and in the pride of youth,
And as he ſpake a ſmile ſat on his mouth:
Where, *Smichidas*, where now at burning Noon,
What urgent buſineſs makes Thee leave the Town?
Whilſt bleating flocks do ſeek the ſhades and cool,
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole?
What feaſt invites, or now I view your dreſs,
Who treads his Grapes, and calls you to the preſs?
Hark how at every ſtep, you walk ſo faſt,
The Stones reſound, and tell you are in haſt:
And I reply'd; dear glory of the Plains
How great, how juſt a praiſe commends thy ſtrains?
Dear skilful Piper, Fame does loudly tell
That you the Reapers, and the Swains excel,
I'me glad on't, tho I think I pipe as well.
We go to *Ceres* feaſt, this way we bend,
And make a viſit to a ſpecial friend,

He keeps it now, for ſhe hath throng'd his floor;
And payes the early tributes of his ſtore:
But ſince we walk one way, ſince time perſwades,
And we are far remov'd from gloomy ſhades;
Let's Pipe, and wanton as we walk along,
For we may pleaſe each other with a Song:
For I can ſing, and by our *flattering* Youth
I'me prais'd, and call'd the charming *Muſes* mouth;
They ſay I pipe the beſt, and would deceive
By praiſe; but I'me not eaſy to believe:
My Songs are mean, my Pipe claims no repute
Compar'd to *Sceli*'s or *Phileta*'s Flute;
They me, and thus convince the flattering vogue,
As *Locuſts* tunes excell the croaking *Frog*:
Thus I deſigndly; then He ſmil'd, and ſaid,
What glories, *Smichidas*, adorn thy head?
Here take this Club, this token of my Love,
'Tis juſtly thine, thou care of mighty *Jove*:
I hate the *Maſon*, that, to boaſt his skill,
Would raiſe a houſe to equal yonder hill:
And thoſe that rival the *Sicilian* Swain,
I hate as much; and think their hopes as vain:
But come, let's ſing the Song I lately made,
My Goats fed round, and wanton'd as I play'd;
See if you like it; it hath pleas'd the Swains,

And

And ſounds the beſt and neweſt of the Plains:
Kind breathing Gales to *Mitylenian* ſhores
Shall waft my *Agis*, *Nymphs* ſhall guide his Oars;
Tho rainy South-winds angry Waves do raiſe,
And rough *Orion* ſteps into the Seas;
Oh would he eaſe my pains, give juſt returns,
And Love for Love, for him the *Goatherd* burns:
Let *Halcyons* ſmooth the Seas, the Storms allay
And skim the floods before him all the way:
The Nymphs lov'd bird, of all that haunt the flood,
Skim o're the Waves, and dive for ſwimming food:
Let my dear *Agis*, cut the angry Tide,
And reach his Port, and there ſecurely ride;
For then with Violets or with Roſes crownd
I'le ſport a Glaſs, and ſee his Health go round;
I'le toſt my Beans, to raiſe pall'd Appetite.
Make me drink on, and lengthen the Delight:
Whilſt ſtrecht on Beds I'le ſpend my eaſy hours,
And roul, till I have loſt my ſelf in flowers:
Then to his Health I'le ſport a luſty Bowl,
And pour Dear *Agis* Love into my Soul:
Two Swains ſhall Pipe, the beſt of all the youth,
And skillful *Richards* voice ſhall joyn with both,
How Herdsman *Daphnis* did for *Xenea* burn,
Trace o're the Woods, complaining of her ſcorn:

How

How Groves, and Echoes to his groans reply'd,
And ſmooth *Himera* murmur'd when He dy'd:
For He, as Snow when Summer heats the Grove
Of *Ætna*, melted by the flame of Love:
And how when force weak Innocence oppreſt,
The Swain was ſhut alive into a Cheſt.
And how the *labouring* Bees in every Plain
Forſook their flowers, and buz'd about the Swain,
Becauſe the *Muſe* had fill'd his charming mouth
With *Nectar*, and preſerv'd the pious youth:
Happy *Comatas*, happy thou, the bleſt
And wondrous darling at the *Muſes* feaſt;
Full twelve months nouriſht by the labouring Bee,
Oh had I then been born and liv'd with Thee!
Then had I fed thy flock, and heard thy Pipe,
Paid with a tune, and hung upon thy Lip;
Whilſt by a ſhady Tree, or purling ſpring
Divine *Comatas*, thou ſhouldſt ſit and ſing:
Thus He, then I, dear *Swain*, whilſt o're the hill
I drove the Herds, the *Muſe* improv'd my skill,
Sweet tunes ſhe taught, which fame hath rais'd above,
And bore on high to pleaſe the Ears of *Jove*:
But this is choiceſt which I'le now produce
To pleaſure Thee, Thou darling of the *Muſe*.

Love

Love ſneez'd on *Smichid*, for He *Myrto* loves
As much as Goats the Spring, or Swains the Groves:
Aratus too his deareſt friend and joy,
His dear *Aratus* deeply loves the Boy:
And this ſweet *Acis* knows, the gay, the young;
Acis, a theme for great *Apollo*'s Song:
He knows how dear *Aratus* loves, he knows
How great his flame, and how his paſſion grows:
Pan, green *Homala*'s Guardian, move the coy
The ſoft *Philinus*; and enflame the Boy;
Grown wanton, gay, and laviſh of his Charms,
Uncall'd for let him fly into his Arms:
Ye ſmileing Loves, fair *Venus* ſoft delight,
Like ruddy *Apples* pleaſing to the ſight,
Leave *Bybli*'s fountain, leave her purling ſtreams
That ſcorch the fields with her forbidden flames,
And ſhoot *Philinus*, wound his ſtubborn mind,
Shoot; for he hath no *pitty* for his friend;
Tho ſoft as Parſly, tender as the Vine,
And oh that he would claſp his Arms in mine!
Mean while the weomen cry, and ſhake their heads
Ah! ah! *Philinus*, ah thy Beauty fades!
But dear *Aratus* let's endure no more
Forget our Love, and fly the hated door:

And

And when the Cock calls forth the morning beams,
Let broaken ſlumbers mixt with frighful dreams
Diſturb his thoughts, and by the neighbouring gate
Ah! let him hang, and none bewail the Fate:
Let us mind reſt, and let's provide a charm
To keep us ſafe, and free from future harm:
These Songs we ſung, and with a cheerful ſmile
His *Crook* he gave me, to reward my skill;
Take it, He ſaid, 'tis mean, yet do'nt refuſe,
It is a pledge of friendſhip from a *Muſe*:
This ſaid we parted, for invain we preſt
We could not force him to the promis'd feaſt:
There *Lycop*'s ſon, and all his friends around
With ſweet *Amyntas* ſate with Roſes crown'd:
We lay, we wanton'd on a flowry bed, (ſpread,
Where fragrant *Maſtick*, and where Vines were
And round us *Poplars* rais'd their ſhady head:
Juſt by a ſpring with pleaſing Murmurs flow'd,
In every buſh, and thicket of the wood
Sweet *Inſects* ſang, and ſighing *Turtles* coo'd.
The labouring Bees buz'd round the purling ſpring,
Their Hony gather'd, and forgot their ſting:
Sweet Summers choiceſt fruits, and Autum's pride
Pears by our head, and Apples by our ſide
Lay round in heaps; and loaden Plums did ſtand

With

With bending boughs, to meet the reaching hand:
To pleaſe us more he pierc't a Cask of Wine,
Twas four years old, and from a noble Vine;
Caſtalian Nymphs, ye *Nymphs* that ſtill reſide
On ſteep *Parnaſſus*, and command his pride,
Did e're old *Chiron*, did he e're produce
For great *Alcides* ſuch rich Bowls of juice?
Did *Polyphem* the vaſt Sicilian Swain,
That darted mountains o're the frighted main,
Drink Wine like this, did e're ſuch Bowls advance
His *Love-ſick* thoughts, and raiſe him to a dance?
As then you gladly mixt to every gueſt,
And poured on *Cere's* Altars at her feaſt?
Oh may ſhe often fill the fruitful Plain,
And may I tread the Reeks, and fix the Fan;
Whilſt joyful ſhe with ſmiles juſt thanks receives,
And holds in either hand full bending Sheaves.

Idyllium VIII.

Daphnis *and* Menalcas *ſing for a Wager, a Goatherd is choſen Judge, who determines* Daphnis *his Song to be the beſt.*

To Richard Hicks *of the* Mid. T. *Eſquire.*

THE Heardsman *Daphnis* walking o're the Plain
The gay *Menalcas* met, a Sheapard Swain;
Both yellow locks adorn'd, and both were young,
Both rarely pip'd; and both divinely ſung;
Then firſt *Menalcas* rais'd his lovely head,
And ſpake, and ſmil'd on *Daphnis* as he ſaid;
M. Come, Heardsman *Daphnis* will you pipe with me,
I vow I'me ſure that I can conquer Thee;
I'me ſure I can excel Thee as I will:
D. And *Daphnis* thus reply'd; You boaſt your skill
Menalcas, but I'me ſure you can't excel,
For pipe untill you burſt I pipe as well:
M. And ſhall we try? *D.* Yes Swain, I know my skill;
M. And will you lay a wager? *D.* Yes I will:
M. What will you lay, what equal to our fame?
D. I'le ſtake a *Calf*, you ſtake a full-grown *Lamb*:
M. I cannot ſtake a *Lamb*, for ſhould I loſe,
My *Father*'s jealous, and my *Mother* croſs;

Theſe

These watch, They know how many Lambs I keep,
Both count my Lambs at night, and one my Sheep;
D. What then? and what shall He that conquers, gain?
M. I have a Pipe, 'tis new, of sounding Cane,
Waxt at both ends, and tho I'le stake no prize
That is my Father's, yet I'le venture this:
D. And I have one, white Wax both ends secures
It sounds as well, and is as new as yours:
For when I made it, as I cleft the Reeds
One prickt me, look e'en now my Finger bleeds;
But since we venture, since such Pipes we lay
What Man shall judge, and who shall hear us play?
M. We'el call that *Goatherd*, look, the Swain is near,
Our Dog barks at him, He perhaps will hear:
The *Sheapherds* call'd, the *Goatherd* streight obey'd,
The *Goatherd* judg'd, and thus the *Sheapherds* play'd:
Menalcas first, then *Daphnis* tun'd his Cane,
By turns they sang, *Menalcas* first began:
M. Ye Vales, ye Springs that flow from distant Seas,
If e're the sweet *Menalcas* Songs did please,
Then feed my *Lambs*, if *Daphnis* drives his Kine
To graze them here, feed his as well as mine:
D. Ye Herbs and Flowers, ye glory of the Vales,
If *Daphnis* songs are sweet as Nightingales

Then feed my Herds; if thro the flowry Mead
Menalcas drives, then let his Lambs be fed:
M. There Pastures flourish, there the Duggs do fill,
The Lambs are suckled, and the Sheapherds smile;
Where my *Boy* comes, but when He leaves the place
The *Sheapherd* wither's o're the fading Grass: (Bees
D. There Sheep, there Goats bear twins, there labouring
Do fill their Hives, and there rise prouder Trees,
Where *Milo* Treads, but when He leaves the place,
The *Herdsman* withers, and the Herd decays:
M. O Goat, the white Kids husband, stately Oaks,
O flat-nos'd Kids make hast to purling Brooks
For there He is, Go, let the Boy be show'd
That *Proteus* fed his Sea Calves, tho a God:
D. Not *Pelops* land, not heaps of Gold refind
I wish, nor swiftness to outstrip the Wind,
But let me sit and sing by yonder Rock,
Clasp thee, my *Dear*, and view my feeding flock:
M. Rough storms to Trees, to Birds the treacherous
Are frightful evils, Springes to the Hare; (Snare,
Soft Virgins love to man; Oh mighty *Jove*,
Not I alone, but Thou hast stoopt to Love:
Thus sang the youths by turns, and pleas'd the Swain,
And thus *Menalcas* the last part began,

M. Woolf ſpare my Lambs, and let them ſafely bleat,
For I am little, and my fold is great;
How, *White-foot*, how ſo ſoon, ſo faſt aſleep;
Is this your care, do you thus watch my Sheep?
I faith you ſhall not ſleep when one ſo young
As I, is *Sheapherd*; and engag'd in Song:
But feed dear flock, and crop the flowry plain,
Feed, never fear, the Graſs will grow again:
Fill well your duggs, that when Night ſpreads her vail
The *Lambs* may ſuck; and I may fill my Pail:
And next fair *Daphnis* ſang------
D. And as I drove my Herd, a lovely Maid
Stood peeping from a Cave; She ſmild, and ſaid,
Daphnis is lovely, ah a lovely youth;
What ſmiles, what Graces ſit upon his mouth!
I made no ſharp returns, but hung my head,
And went my way, yet pleas'd with what ſhe ſaid:
Winds ſweetly murmur; The Steer ſweetly lows,
Sweet is the Heifers voice, and ſweet the Cows:
Tis ſweet to ly in ſhades by purling ſtreams
In Summer's heat; diſſolv'd in eaſy dreams:
Acorns the Oaks, and Graſs commends the Plain,
Fat Calves do grace the Cows, and Cows the Swain:

Thus

Thus ſang the *youths*, and thus the *Goatherd* ſaid;

Goatherd.

Sweet is thy voice, and ſweet the tunes you plaid
Fair *Daphnis*, thro my Ears thy *Songs* have paſt
Sweet to the Mind, as Hony to the Taſt:
And if you'l teach me, if inſtruct the Swain,
That *Goat* is thine, it ſhall reward thy pain;
See how her Udder ſwells, it ne're will fail,
And every night it fills my largeſt Pail:
The Boy rejoyc't, He leapt with youthful heat,
As ſucking Colts leap when they ſwig the Teat:
The other griev'd, he hung his baſhful head
As married Virgins when firſt laid to bed:
Thus *Daphnis* liv'd the glory of the Plains,
Was thought the beſt, and lov'd by all the Swains:
And to compleat the happineſs of life
The lovely *Nais* bleſt him in a Wife.

Idyl-

Idyllium IX.

A Sheapherd invites Daphnis *and* Menalcas *to ſing, they pleaſure him, and he rewards them both.*

To his Chum Tho. Lydgould, *M. A. of* Wadham Coll.

SIng, *Daphnis*, ſing; begin the rural lay,
Begin ſweet *Daphnis*; next *Menalcas* play:
Mix Calves and Heifers, joyn the Bulls and Cows,
And let them feed, and wanton in the boughs.
Whilſt you begin, begin the rural ſtrain,
And next *Menalcas* ſing, and cheer the Swain:
D. Sweet is the Heifers ſound, and ſweet the Kine,
Sweet is the Pipe's, the Swain's, and ſweet is mine;
By purling ſtreams I have a ſhady bed,
And or'e white Heifers skins are neatly ſpread,
Ah careleſs Herd! they from a Mountains ſide
Ah cruel ſtorm! were blown, they fell, they dy'd:
And there I value *Summer's* burning heats
No more than *Lovers* do their Father's threats;
Their *Mother's* kind complaints, or friends advice:
This *Daphnis* ſang, and next *Menalcas* this:

M. Me

M. Me *Ætna* bred, to me ſhe kindly gave
Midſt hollow Rocks a large and ſhady Cave:
I live by pleaſant Brooks, and purling Streams,
And have as much as e're you ſaw in dreams:
By me a thouſand Goats, and flocks are fed,
And Wool lies round my feet, and round my head:
Soft Chitterlings afford me pleaſing food,
And when the Winter comes I'me ſtor'd with wood;
So that I value *Cold* no more, not I,
Than toothleſs Men do Nuts, when pulſe is by:
I clapt them both, to both rewards I threw,
A Club that in my Father's Meadow grew
To *Daphnis*, rude as from the Woods it fell,
And yet ſcarce Art could ſhape a thing ſo well:
Then next *Menalcas* did a ſhell receive,
The fleſh divided was enough for five,
Caught in th' *Icarian* flood, He took the Shell,
And ſmil'd as pleas'd; and lik'd the preſent well:
Hail rural *Muſes*, hail, produce the ſtrains,
Which once I ſang, and pleas'd the liſtning Swains:
I'le boldly ſing, nor midſt my wondrous Song
Shall bliſters riſe, and gall my boaſting tongue;

Oh

The Hawks to Hawks are friends, to Ews the Ews,
To Larks the Larks are friends, to Me the Muſe;
Oh may I hear them ſtill! The weary ſleep,
The Spring the Ploughman, ſhady Plains the ſheep,
Smooth Streams, and riſeing flowers the labouring Bee
Delight not half ſo much, as *Muſes* Me;
On whom they look and ſmile, ſecure they prove
Fam'd *Circe*'s Cup; nor fear the force of Love.

Idyllium X.

Battus *not reaping as fast as he was wont,* Milo *asks him the reason,* Battus *confesseth it was Love, and sings a Song in praise of his Sweet-heart.*

To my Chum Mr. Hody *of* Wadham *Colledge.*

Milo.

AH labouring *Reaper*, Wretch! what ails thee now!
Thou canst not reap as thou wert wont to do;
Nor yet so fast; look, He hath rais'd a Cock:
You lag, as Sheep, when prickt, behind the flock:
What wilt Thou do, poor wretch, before tis Noon,
What wilt Thou do e're shady Night comes on
Since, e're one land is cut, you fail so soon?
B. Ah *Milo*! thou canst hold out all the day,
But I'me grown weak; ah peice of flinty clay!
Didst thou ne're wish for One that was away?
M. Not I, for what have I that work for food
To do with *Love?* He is an Idle God;
Forget thy lazy thoughts, soft cares remove,
B. Then, *Milo*, did you never wake for Love?
M. And may it never, never break my sleep,
For Dogs, once *blooded*, always run at Sheep:

B. But

B. But I have *lov'd* theſe ten long days, or more;
M. A wealthy Man, enjoy thy fancy'd ſtore,
I am, and am contented to be poor:
B. Hence 'tis that I'me o'rerun with lazy eaſe,
My Field's neglected, and my Ploughs diſpleaſe,
M. But who thus wounds thee? *B. Moll*, the brisk the gay,
She ſung our Song, and was our *Queen* of *May*,
M. Faith rightly ſerv'd, purſue thy vain delight,
How that old *Fly* ſhall claſp thee all the Night!
B. You flout; not only *Pluto*'s Eyes are loſt;
But vexing Love's; forbear, rude Swain, to boaſt:
M. I do not boaſt, but lay thy handful down,
Throw by thy hook. unbend thy gather'd frown,
And ſing, (for you could ſing) thy ſlender fair,
Twill eaſe thy labour, and divert thy care.

Battus.

With me, ſweet *Muſe*, the ſlender Maid reherſe,
For all looks fair that you adorn with Verſe:
Bombyce charming, Sun-burnt, gaſtly thin
You ſeem to many Eyes, but *Brown* to mine
The *letter'd Daffadil*, and *Vi'let's* brown,
Yet thoſe are chiefeſt Graces of a Crown:
The Goats their thyme, the Woolves the Goats purſue,
The Crane the Plough; and I am mad for you:

Oh had I *Cræſus* ſtore, then both ſhould ſhine,
Two golden Statues fixt in *Venus* Shrine;
Thy Hand ſhould grace an Apple, Harp, or Roſe,
And me a danceing garb, and gawdy ſhows,
Bombyce charming; oh wouldſt Thou be kind!
How ſweet thy voice! but who can tell thy Mind?

Milo.

Hah, we ne're knew the value of the Swain,
How well he Meaſures, how he tunes his Strain!
Hah! no more ſenſe, and yet thy beard ſo long!
But ſtay, and hear the ſweet *Lyterſa*'s Song.
O fruitful *Ceres* bleſs this thriving Crop,
Encreaſe, and make it larger than our Hope;
Ye Reapers bind the Sheaves, leſt ſome ſhould ſay
Ah lazy drones, they do'nt deſerve their pay;
Or to the North your Cocks, ye Reapers rear
Or to the South, thoſe Winds encreaſe the Ear:
Ye Clowns that winnow never ſleep at noon
For then the Chaff is looſe, and quickly gone:
Reapers ſhould riſe with Larks, and ſleep when They
To Rooſt retire, but bear the heat all day:
Frogs Lives, my boys, are bleſt, for midſt their Pool
They never want, their Cup is always full;

Boyl, Steward, boyl them whole, ſuch pinching's mean:
You'l cut your hand whilſt you divide a Bean:
Such Songs ſhould Reapers ſing that toyl, and ſweat,
That work at Noon, and bear the burning Heat,
But ſtarveing Love ſhould never vex thy head,
Such tales will bring Thee to a bit of bread,
Tales for thy Mother, as She lies a bed.

Idyl.

Idyllium XI.

He writes to a Physitian, and tells him that the Muses are the only Remedy for Love, which he proves by the example of Polyphemus.

To Dr. Pitt *of* Wadham Colledge.

INvain, *Learn'd Sir*, invain is all your Art,
There is no *Physick* for a wounded heart;
No Herb can ease, no Salve the Pain remove,
There is no cure for the disease of Love
Beside the *Muses*; Those are soft and sweet,
And pleasing *Medcines*, but are hard to get:
This, *Sir*, you know whose skill is next divine
In *Physick*; you, the darling of the Nine:
Thus *Polyphem* found ease, the gay the young,
He cured his rageing Passion by a *Song*:
No mean degree of Love his breast did fire,
He was all fury, rage, and wild desire;
This single passion did his mind controul,
And was the only business of his Soul:
Oft did his Sheep his former chief delight,
From Pastures fed return alone at night:
Whilst on the Sedgy shore the *Cyclops* lay,
And singing *Galatea* pin'd away:

From

From Morn till Night, for *Venus* powerful Dart
Had gall'd his Liver, and had pierc't his heart.
And yet He found a cure, on Rocks He ſtood,
And thus he ſang, as he lookt o're the flood:
Fair *Maid*, and why doſt thou thy Love deſpiſe?
More white than Curds, and pleaſing to my Eyes;
More ſoft than Lambs, more wanton than a Steer,
Yet harſh as *Grapes* unripe, and as ſevere:
You come when pleaſing ſleep hath ſeald my Eye,
When pleaſing ſleep unſeals you quickly fly,
You fly with eager haſt, as fearful Lambs
From ravening Woolves run bleating to their Dams:
I lov'd Thee *Nymph*, I lov'd e're ſince you came.
To pluck our Flowers, from thence I date my flame:
My Eye did then my feeble heart betray,
I know the minute of the fatal day,
My Mother led you, and I ſhow'd the way:
Then when I lookt, and ever ſince I burn,
I muſt Love on deſpairing a return:
The cauſe of all thy hate, *dear Nymph*, I know,
One large wide Gap ſpreads croſs my hairy Brow
From Ear to Ear, one Eye doth ſingly grace,
My Noſe is flat, and even to my face:
Yet I, that ugly I, whom you refuſe
Feed thouſand Goats, and milk ten thouſand Ews,

Theſe give me drink, and Cheeſes all the year,
See round my Cave my loaden Shelves appear,
And bend beneath the weighty heaps they bear.
Beſides, I live the joy of all the Plain,
No *Cyclops* can pretend ſo ſweet a ſtrain,
Thee, Thee, dear Nymph, with Thee my ſelf I ſing,
Till Midnight's paſt, and Morning ſpreads her Wing:
Ten Cubs, I forc't them from an angry Bear,
Ten Does I keep; and all to pleaſe my Dear;
Come live with Me, and I ſincerely vow
That your condition ſhan't be worſe than now;
Forſake the Ocean, leave the angry Sea,
Tis better ſleeping in my Cave with Me,
There Lawrels grow, and there black Ivy twines,
And bluſhing Cluſters load the bended Vines:
There are cold ſtreams which from the melting Snow
Hot *Ætna* ſends, a drink divine, below:
There all things are by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
And who before all this would chooſe the Seas?
But grant that I'me deform'd, unſeemly rough,
Yet I am rich, and I have Wood enough,
A conſtant blazeing flame ſtill heats my Cave,
* Tho by this Eye, the deareſt thing I have,
I want no outward heat, the fierce deſire
That burns my Breaſt, is a ſufficient fire;

* *I follow* Heinſius.

Ah me! unhappy me, how Fate prevails!
Oh me! Had I been born with fins and ſcales,
That I might dive to you, cut thro the Deep,
And kiſs your Hand, if you refuſe your Lip;
Then would I Lillies white, and Roſes bring,
And all the gawdy glories of the Spring,
With Poppies bluſhing leaves, tho theſe do grow
In Summers heat, and thoſe in froſt and ſnow:
Well, well, I'le learn to ſwim, next nimble Oars
That ſet a Seamen on our fruitful Shores
Shall teach me how to dive, that I may know
What pleaſure 'tis you take in Waves below:
Come forth, *fair Nymph*, come forth, and leave the main,
And (as I now) ne're mind thy home again,
But feed the Flocks with me, or milk the Sheep,
Or run the Cheeſe, and never mind the Deep:
My Mother's croſs, her juſt Complaints purſue,
For ſhe ne're ſpoak of me kind things to you,
Allthough ſhe knew my grief, ſaw every day
How much I waſted, how I pin'd away:
I'le tell, to fright her, that my head, my thigh
Are pain'd: that ſhe might grieve as well as I:

O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, are thy ſenſes flown!
Is all thy former wit, and vertue gone?

Go wreath thy Baskets, cut the tender boughs
To feed the Lambs, and milk the burdned Cows,
Go mind thy Harveſt work, for that will prove
Thy Wiſdom greater than this whineing Love:
Take thoſe that offer, and the proud deſpiſe,
The willing Love, and ſcorn the Maid that flies:
Come leave this fooling, leave this dull deſpair,
Another Virgin thou ſhallt find as fair;
For many Maids invite me ſtill to play,
And titter all, as pleas'd, when I obey:
Sure I am ſomewhat, they my worth can ſee,
And I my ſelf will now grow proud of Me:
Thus *Polyphemus* cur'd his ſtrong diſeaſe,
His Songs tam'd Love, and gave more certain eaſe,
Than if He had implor'd the Doctor's skill,
And with juſt fees bought your *unerring* Bill.

Idyllium. XII.

A Welcome to a Friend.

To Mr. Edward Eaton.

YOU come *dear youth*, now three long days are gone,
You come; But *Lovers* do grow old in one;
As much as Spring excells the Froſt and Snow,
As much as Plums are ſweeter than a Sloe,
As much as Ews are thicker fleec't than Lambs,
As much as Maids excel thrice marry'd Dames:
As much as Colts are nimbler than a Steer,
As much as Thruſhes pleaſe the liſtning ear
More than the meaner Songſters of the Air;
So much thy *preſence* cheers; behold, I run,
As Travellers to the *ſhade* at burning Noon:
Oh may an *equal* flame our hearts engage,
And let us live in Songs thro future Age!
Two youths were once with mutual bands confin'd,
The one was generous, and the other kind:
Their *Love* was *equal*; thoſe were golden Men,
When He that was *belov'd* did *love* agen:
Grant ye *Immortal Powers*, grant mighty *Jove*,
Grant this once more, encreaſe theſe bands of Love;

When future Ages ſhall in order ſlow
Let ſome deſcend, and tell my *ſhade* below,
Thy *Love*, thy *Lover's* kindneſs, Faith and Truth,
Are prais'd by All, but chiefly by the *youth*:
But this I leave to Heaven's indulgent care,
For Heaven can grant, or can reject my Prayer.
Yet Thee I'le ſing; *Thee ſweet*, nor midſt my Song
Shall tell-tale Bliſters riſe, and gall my Tongue:
The little pains you rais'd were kindly meant,
Your healing *Love* did all the ſmart prevent;
And I departed fraught with good content:
Brave *Megarenſians* fam'd for nimble Oars,
May Peace flow in, and plenty crown your Shores,
The Honors you beſtow on *Diocles*,
That conſtant Friend and Lover, claim no leſs;
At his fam'd Tomb each year the boys contend
Which kiſſes ſofteſt, which beſt loves his friend,
And He that kiſſes ſweeteſt wins the praiſe,
And runs to his glad Mother crown'd with bays:
Happy the Man that muſt beſtow the prize,
Thrice happy He that judges of the Kiſs!
Fair *Ganymed* that makes the Thunderer bow,
Whoſe ſmiles can calm, and ſmooth his angry brow,
Allay his fury and his rage command
And ſtop his lightning in his lifted hand;

Had

Had ſuch a Lip (or Fame hath often ly'd,
And Fame errs ſeldom on the better ſide)
That like a Touch-ſtone try'd the proffer'd joy,
And could diſcern true Gold from baſe alloy.

Idyl-

Idyllium XIII.

He writes to his friend, a Physitian, and tells him that Love conquers the greatest Heroes, *which He proves from the story of* Hercules *and* Hylas.

To Mr. William Gould *M. B. of* Wadham Colledge.

LOve, Love, *dear Friend*, what e're we think 'tis true,
Was not design'd for only such as you;
Nor do the Charms of Beauty strike alone
Us *Mortals*, seen to day, to morrow gone;
But *Hercules* that Son of mighty *Jove*,
That bore the *Lion*'s fury, stoopt to *Love*:
Tho rough his mind appear'd, tho steel'd to joy
He *Hylas* clasp't, and lov'd the charming Boy:
He taught him as a Father would a Son,
To vertuous actions still He led him on:
They never parted, nor at noon, nor night,
Nor when the Morn's white Horse draws forth the light,
Nor when the callow Birds ly down to rest,
And careful old Ones flutter o're the Nest:
That still instructing as He once began,
He might be wrought into a worthy Man:
But when stout *Jason* with the youths of *Greece*
To *Colchos* sail'd, their prize the Golden Fleece:

When

When he had gather'd all the *Sons* of fame
That could aſſiſt, the great *Alcides* came
To fair *Jolcos*, *Argo*'s chiefeſt freight;
Young *Hylas* too. the Ship ſcarce felt his weight:
She, ſwift as *Eagles*, ply'd her nimble Oars,
And ſafely ſcap't the rough *Cyanean* Shores.
Which us'd to meet, and ſtave the Ships that paſt,
But now are fix't, on firm foundations plac't:
When *Summer* came, and when the tender Lambs
Began to feed on Graſs, and leave their Dams,
The noble *Hero's*, bleſt with Southern Gales,
Thro *Helleſpont* did ſpread their ſwelling Sails:
Thro the *Propontis* they did ſwiftly row,
Where ſtout *Cyanean* Oxen wear the Plow:
And landing there as ſhady Night came on
And call'd to eat, they ſate in order down:
Soft Turfs were rais'd, and each poſſeſt his place,
The Plain was large and gave them Beds of Graſs.
The charming *Hylas*, quick as the command,
A brazen Veſſel grac't his lovely hand,
Ran o're the Field to ſee what Springs afford,
And fetch ſome *Fountain* water for his *Lord*;
His *Lord*, and *Telamon* his conſtant gueſt,
One Table always joyn'd them a feaſt:

Juſt

Juſt by, a *murmuring* Spring crept o're the ground,
The Banks with *Vervine*, and with Parſly crownd,
Within, the *Nymphs*, the Ladies of the Plains,
The watchful *Nymphs* that dance, and fright the Swains,
Eunica, *Malis*, and their chiefeſt grace
Nicœa, Spring ſtill opens in her face:
This *Hylas* ſaw, his Cup let gently down,
Well pleas'd that He could ſerve his *Lord* ſo ſoon;
But ſtreight the *Nymphs*, (for Love had div'd below,
Their tender hearts did midſt the Water glow,
The Boys fair Eyes had darted warm deſire,
And thro the Waves had rais'd a fatal Fire:)
Seiz'd on his hand, he fell, as forct from Clouds
A falling Star ſhoot's down to under Floods:
Mean-while the *Boat Swain* crys, Mates ſpread the ſail,
The Wind's at Stern, and we have proſperous gales:
The *Nymphs* danc't *Hylas*, Kiſſes dry'd his Tears,
And Comforts were apply'd to eaſe his Fears:
But vext *Alcides*, Care with Anger ſtrove,
And tore his Breaſt, reſolv'd to find his Love,
His left hand grac't a Bow of fatal Ewe,
Death wing'd and pointed every Dart that flew;
His right a knotty Club did well command,
That conſtant grace and terrour of his hand;

But

Thricc did He *Hylas* call, and thrice He mourn'd,
Thrice *Hylas* heard the voice, and thrice return'd:
But ſmall the ſound which thro the Waves did riſe,
Tho near, far off he ſeem'd; ſo weak the crys:
As ſhaggy Lions fierce by Hunger grown,
That hear a Kid or Lamb kin bleat alone,
Start from their Den, and laſh their angry Breaſt,
And fiercely run to take their eaſy feaſt:
So He thro thorny paths did wildly rove,
As mad and furious for his periſht Love:
Mean while the Ship was rig'd, the Winds were fair
And ſails were ſpread, but no *Alcides* near;
He far remov'd did rove thro Paths untrod
For Love had gall'd his breaſt, a cruel God:
Hence *Hylas* grew a *God*, and grac't a ſhrine,
His *Love* and *Beauty* made him half divine;
Mean while the *Heroes* fir'd with martial rage
Alcides blam'd as fearful to engage,
It argu'd not his Love, but prov'd his fear
To leave the Ship, and ſo decline the War;
But he on foot to barbarous *Phaſis* came,
And noble actions ſoon redeem'd his Fame.

Idyllium XIV.

Eſchines *being ſcorn'd by* Cuniſca, *who had a greater kindneſs for one* Woolf, *reſolves to turn Souldier*; *His Friend* Thynichus *adviſes him to ſerve King* Ptolomy.

To his Friend and Tutor Mr. Balch *of* Wadham Coll.

E. GOod morrow *Thynicus*. *T.* The like to you;
E. But why ſo late? *T.* So late? What ails thee now?
E. All is not well: *T.* I ſee't, you look ſo thin,
Your Face not waſht, your Beard ſpread o're your Chin,
Your Eye-brows thick, laſt night I chanc't to view
A Poor *Pythagoriſt*, and He lookt like you:
Pale, barefoot, an *Athenian*, as He ſaid,
But, faith, He lookt as if on Meal He fed:
E. You joque; But fair *Cuniſca* ſcorns my Love,
And as her hatred ſo my flames improve,
And tho perhaps I no ſuch heats betray'd
Yet I'me within an Inch of ſtareing mad:
T. You ſtill were paſſionate, you ſtill purſue
What your perverſe deſire hath once in view,
But prethee tell me what diſturbs anew:
E. *Tom*, *Will*, and *Dick*, and I, a jovial Crew,
Not minding *Fate* that did too cloſe purſue,

Drank

Drank at my Houſe, the Glaſs went briskly round,
Our hearts were merry, and each head was crown'd;
I made them welcome, got the beſt I cou'd,
A ſucking Pig, two Chicken, Country food,
And, tho I ſay't my ſelf, my *Wine* was good:
Twas four years old, yet mild, I vow tis true,
With Burrage mixt it drank as well as new:
At laſt we voted each ſhould crown a Glaſs
What Health he pleas'd, but name whoſe health it was;
We drank, and halloo'd, She mute all the while
And ſullen ſate, without one word or ſmile;
How was I vext to find a change ſo ſoon?
What Mute? what have you ſeen a * *Woolf* ſays one?
At that ſhe fluſht, her guilty color roſe,
That you might light a Candle at her Noſe:
There's *Woolf*, there's *Woolf*, my Neighbour *Labia*'s Son,
Tall, ſlender, and the beauty of the Town:
For him ſhe burns, and ſighs, and ſighs again,
And this I heard, but loath to find my pain,
I let it lye, and grew a Man invain:
When we were heated well, and fluſht with Wine,
One ſang a Song of *Woolf*, a curſt deſign,

* *Alludeing to the common ſaying.*

For ſtreight *Cuniſca* wept at the ſurprize,
And ſoon betray'd her paſſion at her Eyes;
She wept as wanton Girls that leave their Pap,
And would be dandled on their Mother's Lap:
Then I, you know me, vext at this diſdain;
Fled at her, ſtrook, and ſwore, and kickt again;
She roſe; *Oh Miſchief! can I pleaſe no more?*
Have you another Sweet-heart? Out you Whore;
Muſt you do this now to confirm my fears?
Go to him, toy, and court him with your tears:
As ſwift as Swallows ſweeping o're the Plain,
To catch their young a fly, with nimble pain,
Catch one, then feed, and ſtreight return again;
So quick ſhe left her Seat, ſo ſwift her haſt,
So ſoon ſhe thro the Hall and Parlor paſt,
I ſcarce could ſee her move, ſhe went ſo faſt:
Now twenty days, and ten, and nine, and eight,
And one, and two are paſt; two months compleat;
Yet ſtill we differ, nor in all this ſpace
Have I ſhav'd once, regardleſs of my face:
But ſhe is *Woolf's*, and *Woolf's* her chief delight,
For him ſhe will unlock the Gate at night,
But I am ſcorn'd, I can't be lookt upon,
She'l ſcarce vouſchafe the favor of a frown:

And yet, *Dear friend*, could I but break the chain
And hate her once, all would be well again,
But as the Proverb ſays, *the heedleſs Mouſe*
Hath bitten Pitch, and how ſhall he get looſe?
What Phyſick can theſe vexing Pains remove!
I know no Cure for the diſeaſe of Love,
Yet *Dick*, my friend, that equal pains endur'd
For *Betty*, travell'd, and was quickly cur'd:
And faith I'le travel too, I ſcorn to boaſt
My Courage, yet I think I'me ſtout as Moſt:
T. I wiſh Thou hadſt enjoy'd thy juſt deſire,
And gain'd thy Love; But if Thou willt retire
Serve *Ptolomy*, for He'l reward thy pain,
Believ't, He loves a ſtout and honeſt Man;
E. What other Vertues! *T.* Oh the greateſt Mind,
The ſweeteſt temper, Generous, and Kind,
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe,
His hand is allways open to beſtow:
Petition modeſtly He grants the thing,
And freely gives as it becomes a King;
And therefore, *Lover*, if you bravely dare
To ty your Snapſack on, and go to War,
If Thou canſt keep thy Poſt, and ſtand thy ground,
And throw back on thy foe the comeing wound,

To

To *Ægypt* haſt, make haſt, e're youth decays,
Firſt from our Temples Age begins her race,
Thence whitening Time creeps ſoftly o're the face:
Go on whilſt youth is Green, and ſtrength doſt laſt,
For when *old Age* draws nigh, the Time is paſt.

Idyl.

Idyllium XV.

Two tatling Goſſips *go to ſee the Pomp at* Adonis's *Feaſt, prepar'd by* Arſinoe Ptolomy Philadelphus's *Queen; The humors of the Weomen he hitts exactly; intermixes ſome praiſes of the King, and deſcribes the Glory of the Pomp to gratify the Queen.*

The Perſons are *Gorgo, Eunoe, Praxinoe,* Nurſe, Stranger and Mother.

To Mr. Rice Williams *of* Wadham Coll.

G. SWeetheart, is my *Praxinoe* at home?
E. She is dear *Gorgo*, but how late you come?
P. I ſcarce expected you, and ſate alone,
A Chair and Cuſhion, *E* Ready: *P.* Pray ſit down:
G. Ah me, I ſcarce could get alive along
So cloſe the people preſs, ſo great the throng;
Coaches thro every Street, and Liveries ſhine;
Beſide your dwelling is ſo far from mine:
P. Yes, my *croſs Sot* muſt leave his former Seat,
And on the edge of th' World chooſe this retreat,
More like a filthy Cave than like a Houſe,
And this he does, kind heart, to ſeparate us,
My conſtant plague, and my continual croſs.

G. Soft

G. Soft words, pray *Madam*, ſoft, ſee here's your Son,
Look how he eyes you, and begins to frown:
P. Cheer up my Child, I did not mean thy Dad,
N. He underſtands her, he's a pretty Lad:
P. He went laſt night, (old faults are all forgot,)
To buy ſome Soap, and what d' ye think he bought?
Bay Salt, longſided Fool, dull Booby Sot:
G. Ah me, and mine's as bad, a ſquandring fool,
Laſt Market day he went to cheapen Wool,
And there five Fleeces for five Crowns he bought,
All coath'd Sheep's Wool, meer dirt, not worth a Groat:
But take your Hood and Scarf, and pray let's go,
Let's haſt to Court, for there's a gawdy ſhow:
Adonis Feaſt, and as I lately heard
Our Royal Queen hath glorious ſights prepar'd:
P. Great Folks have all things fine, but pray now tell
What you, for I ſaw nought, or nought ſo well:
G. Another day, but now the minute calls,
We that have nought to do have time for tales:
P. Maid, *Water* quickly, faith I'le break your head,
Go ſet it down; Theſe Cats ſo love a bed,
Drive them away, they'l ſpoyl my Cloth of State,
But firſt the *Water*, there's moſt need of that:
See how ſhe ſpeeds! come pour: but why ſo ſoon?
A little more: what makes you wet my Gown?

Well

Well, now I'me fairly waſht the Gods be bleſt,
But bring me ſtreight the Key of my great Cheſt:
G. This *Mantoe* ſits extreamly well, I vow,
What prize the Stuff? pray *Madam* let me know:
P. It coſt me twenty Shillings half a Crown,
Twas dear, beſide the work was all my own:
G. Tis rare; *P.* Your Servant, *Madam*, bring my Hood,
And Scarf, and dreſs me in the neweſt Mode;
Dear *Chuck*, you muſt not go, my dear delight,
For there are *Bugbears*, and the Horſes bite,
Nay you may cry, peace, peace, dear Mother's Child,
Nay cry, but, *Chuck*, I muſt not have you kill'd:
Here *Betty* take the Boy, and ſtay at home,
Call *Pretty* in, and wait here till I come.
O *Jemminy*, dear *Gorgo*, here's a throng,
I wonder how we two ſhall get along:
Great *Ptolemy*, beſide a thouſand things
In which Thou haſt excelld the former Kings;
How many profits have thy care beſtow'd
Since *Lagus* dy'd and roſe into a God?
None now, as heretofore, infeſt the Street,
Pick-pockets, croud, and juſtle all they meet,
What ſhall we do? you ſee we ſtrive invain,
Ah Dear, I wiſh I was at home again:

The Kings great Horſes come, ſtand farther, friend,
Dont tread upon me, ſee he rears an end,
Look how he bounds, oh whether ſhall we run?
Alas poor Soul, he'l throw his Rider down,
Well, I am glad I did not bring my Son:
G. Cheer up *Praxinoe*, come, the danger's paſt,
And they are gone before, let's mend our haſt:
P. Well, now I'me comeing to my ſelf again,
A Horſe, and a cold Serpents winding train
Kallways hated; fy, we move too ſlow,
Look there behind what Tides of People flow!
G. Mother i'ſt you within? *M.* Yes Child, tis I,
G. Can we get in pray Mother? *M.* Daughter try:
For he that never trys can ne're enjoy;
The *Greeks* by trying, Daughter, conquer'd Troy:
P. She leaves us with a Riddle, what ſhe means
God knows, but ſure ſhe hath ſome hidden ſence.
Weomen know all below, and all above,
E'en how Queen *Juno* was betroth'd to *Jove*:
But look *Praxinoe*, how the People wait,
How great a throng attends the crouded Gate:
P. A vaſt one *Gorgo*: come, tis beſt to joyn,
Hands round; here *Gorgo*, clap your hand in mine:
Take *Eutick Eunoe*, that we may not looſe
Each other, come, thruſt all, and ſtill keep cloſe:

Ah

Ah me, my veil is rent, pray, why d'ye preſs?
My Gown! Good Sir, may Heaven conſpire to bleſs,
And you be happy Sir, as you forbear;
S. I cannot, yet I'le take the greateſt Care:
P. The Croud increaſeth, and they thruſt like Swine,
S. Come cherr up *Madam*, we are all got in:
P. Well, may the bounteous Gods reward thy pain
For helping us, thou art an honeſt Man,
Poor *Eunoe*'s juſtled ſtill, ſhe'l loſe her Hood,
Thruſt *Eunoe*, ſtoutly thruſt, and break the Croud;
We are all in, as One (a Story) ſaid
When he had got his Miſtreſs faſt in Bed:
G. Proxinoe look, what Hangings grace the Rooms,
How fine, how rich, ſure wrought in Heav'nly Looms:
Oh ſtrange, what hands could theſe fine things deſign?
What *Mortal* Pencil draw ſo ſweet a line?
How real they appear? They ſeem to move,
They are alive, I'me ſure they can't be wove:
Man's a wiſe thing, but ſee on yonder bed
Adonis lies, Down o're his Cheeks is ſpread,
Lovely *Adonis*, lov'd amongſt the Dead:
S. Hiſt, hiſt, your tatling ſilly talk forbear,
Like Turtles you have Mouths from Ear to Ear:
G. And who are you? Pray what have you to ſay
If we will talk? Seek thoſe that will obey,

Would you the *Syracusian* Weomen rule?
Besides, to tell you more you medling Fool,
We are *Corinthians*, that's no great disgrace,
Bellerophon himself did boast that race:
We speak our Language, use the *Dorick* tone,
And, Sir, the *Dores*, sure, may use their own:
P. Our Husbands are enough, let none pretend
To rule beside; you are a sawcy friend,
I'me ne're beholding t' ye, and there's an end:
G. Peace, peace *Praxinoe*, streight in charming lays
A Maid shall sing the dead *Adonis* praise,
More soft than *Sperchis* in a mournful Song,
Hark, she prepar's her voice, it won't be long.
Great Goddess, joy of the *Idalian* Grove,
To whom high *Eryx* Bows, fair Queen of Love,
How charming was thy sweet *Adonis* lead
By *soft-foot* hours from midst the silent Dead?
The twelfth month came, when from the shades below
Restord, what Beauty sate upon his Brow?
The Hours the slowest of the Gods, tis true,
Yet pleasing, for they still bring something new:
Kind you (thus story says) did first remove
Fair *Berenice* to the Seats above,
And bath'd the Mortal in a Cup of Love:

And

And now *Arſinoe*, *Helen*'s equal face,
Muſt return does thy *Adonis* grace
With all the fruit the various Earth can yeild,
The Silver Basket brings from every field
The choiceſt Flowers that pleaſe the curious Eye:
In Gold the *Syrian* Odors breath, and dye:
Of *Flour* and *Hony* mixt the ſweeteſt Cake
That Weomen's Luxury or Art can make:
The Earth and Sea do give a vaſt ſupply,
And Air ſends all the various Kinds that fly:
She raiſes freſh imaginary Groves,
And all around do flutter wanton Loves,
As new-fledgd Thruſhes whilſt the old one ſings
Do leap from bough to bough, and try their Wings:
O Gold! See there two Ivory Eagles fly
And bear young *Ganymed* thro the yielding Sky:
See Purple Tapeſtry more ſoft than ſleep,
This He'l confeſs that feeds *Mileſian* Sheep:
Oh happy Riches, ſee, two Beds are Made,
And *Venus* here, there fair *Adonis* laid,
A youthful Bride-groom, juſt mature for Bliſs,
No prickly Beard makes rough his pleaſing Kiſs:
Let *Venus* have him, and his ſweets embrace,
To morrow e're the Dew forſakes the Graſs

Wee'l

Wee'l bear him where the Waves foam round the ſhore
Our Hair all looſe, our Coats let down before,
Our Breaſts all bear, and as we march along
With mournful voice, begin this Funeral Song:
Adonis, of the *Heroes* you alone
Now come to *Us*, now go to *Acheron*;
Not *Agamemnon*, not ſtout *Ajax* knew,
And none enjoy'd the favor like to you:
Not *Hector*, fruitful *Priam*'s ſtouteſt joy,
Not *Pyrrhus* comeing from his conquer'd *Troy*:
The Antient *Lapithæ Ducalion*'s race,
Or brave *Pelaſgi Argo*'s chiefeſt grace:
Kind now *Adonis*, next year kind remain,
Now welcome, welcome when you come again:
G. Ah dear *Praxinoe*, theſe are Curious things,
O happy Creature, oh how well ſhe ſings!
But I muſt go, for ſhould my Husband come,
He hath not din'd, and not find me at home,
How he would fret, He's pettiſh, hates delay,
Nor when He's hungry would I come in's way.
Farewel *Adonis*, now thy Pomp muſt ceaſe;
But ſtill return, and ſtill our joys encreaſe.

Idyllium XVI.

He complains that Poetry meets not a ſuitable Reward from Great Men, for that immortality which it beſtows upon them.

To his very good Friend John Dryden *Eſquire.*

THis is the Muſes, this the Poets care
To ſing the Gods, and Men renown'd for War:
The Muſes Goddeſſes make Gods their theme,
We Men ſing Men, and raiſe them vaſt eſteem?
But who that lives below our pains regards?
What open hand doth pour out fit rewards?
Who doth receive us when we offer Fame?
And ſend us back more wealthy than we came?
The Muſes baffled thus turn home again
With naked feet, they ſigh, they weep, complain,
And frown at Me, when they have gone in vain.
Deep in the bottom of my empty Cleſt,
A place too hollow, and too hard for reſt,
They ſit and mourn; on their cold knees they lay
Their bending heads, and ſigh, and pine away:
For who is brave? and who regards a Wit?
I know not; few, ah few in praiſe delight:

For

For great and noble deeds as heretofore;
Their Captive thoughts are ty'd to baſer Ore:
Their covetous hands they in their laps do fold,
And ſcarce will give the Ruſt that eats their Gold:
They cry, near is my Shirt, more near my Skin,
Muſt I ſupply the hunger of the Nine?
Let me grow rich in wealth, and Thoſe in ſence,
A Poet is the care of Providence:
What need of more ſince *Homer* lives? He brings
No charge upon me, yet's the beſt that ſings.
Poor Men! what profits precious Ore that lies
Heap't up within to feed the greedy Eyes?
It yeilds a different profit to the wiſe:
Some on themſelves ſome part on Wits they ſpend,
Some part their Kinſmen ſhare, and ſome their friend;
To every Man from them ſome goods accrew,
And ſtill the Gods receive their ſacred due:
He's kind and generous, nobly treats his gueſts,
He never cloys, but pleaſes with his feaſts.
But chiefly to the Muſes Sons they give,
That after Death their laſting fame may live:
And that they may not ſit and mourn below,
As thoſe whoſe hands are hardned by the Plough:
Who ſit, and ſigh; and with a ſad complaint
For ever weep hereditary Want:

Antiochus once kept a kingly board,
A thouſand Menial Servants call'd him Lord:
A thouſand Heifers fed at *Scopa*'s ſtall,
Ten thouſand horned Bulls low'd thro his vale,
The kind *Creonda* fed their numerous Flocks,
Their brouzing Goats ſtill hung on Thouſand Rocks:
Yet when their naked Souls began to float
Breath'd out in Air, and ſtow'd in *Charon*'s Boat,
They left their wealth beyond the *Stygian* ſhore,
The crazy Veſſel could not waft their Ore;
And each had lain amidſt the vulgar, loſt,
Unheard, untalkt of, like a common Ghoſt,
Unleſs his Poet with exalted rage
Had ſtrook his Harp, and given them future Age.
'Tis Verſe that doth with laſting Honor's grace
The ſwifteſt Horſe that wins the ſacred race:
His Crowns had wither'd he had loſt his name,
Too ſlow to keep an equal pace with Fame:
Who had the *Lycians*, who the *Trojans* known?
What Fame once-female *Cycnus* Glory blown?
Unleſs a Poet with immortal Song
Had told their fights, and made their Wars ſo long?
Ulyſſes, He thro various dangers toſt
For ſeven long years, that toucht at every Coaſt,

That He that saw the *Stygian* shades and liv'd,
That scap't the *Cyclops*, had his fame survi'd;
Eumæus, mingled with the Common Dead,
Had lain as nameless as the Ox he fed,
And wholy vanisht with his parting breath,
If *Homer* had not snatcht his name from Death:
The Muses raise Men's worth, their Fame they spread,
Whilst Heirs consume the riches of the Dead:
And 'tis a task I'me sure of equal ease
To tell how many Tempests tos's the Seas,
With what fierce Storms the troubled *Ocean* roars,
How many Waves it rouls to trembling Shores,
To wash a *Blackmore* white, as to unbind
A *Gripeing Niggard's* close contracted mind,
And force him to be generous and kind:
A Curse on such, vast heaps of *useless* Ore
May those enjoy, and yet still wish for more;
'Twas allways so, and 'tis my humor still,
Much more than *Wealth* I value Men's good-will:
And now I seek what *Patron* I may choose,
And where I may be welcome with my Muse:
For Poets find but small returns of Love
Without their *Muse*, thus stands the will of *Jove*:
The Heaven's not weary whilst it whirls the Sun,
And thousand Steeds shall draw the Charriot on,

A

A Man ſhall riſe that ſhall my Songs employ
As great as fam'd *Achilles* fought at *Troy*:
As great as *Ajax* where ſmooth *Simois* flow'd,
And *Phrygian Ilu's* Tomb lay drown'd in Blood;
The *Carthaginians* dread approaching War,
Forget their fury, and conſent to fear:
The *Syracuſian* Troops ſpread ore the field,
Their right-hands grace a Spear, their left a ſhield;
Theſe *Hiero* leads as antient *Heroes* brave,
His dreadful Creſt doth o're his Shoulders wave:
But oh our *Guardian Jove*, revenge our Blood,
And toſs our Foes o're the *Sardinian* flood,
Scatter their force, and ſend few home to tell
The Wives and Children how their Fathers fell;
Let old Inhabitants poſſeſs their Iſle;
And raiſe new Towns where Foes did lately ſpoyl;
The Fields be green, and thro the fruitful Plain
Great flocks of Sheep grow fat, and bleat again:
The labouring Oxen bend beneath the Plough,
And, ſlowly walking thro the Vallies, low:
The Fields be reapt whilſt under every ſhade
The Inſects ſing, and make the *Reapers* glad:
The Spiders weave in Sheilds, all free from fear,
And hardly know the very name of War:

Let riſeing Poets bear the ſounding praiſe
Of *Hiero* beyond the *Scythian* Seas;
Beyond proud *Babylon* extend his Fame,
And tell to diſtant worlds his glorious Name:
I am but one, but more *Jove's* Daughters love,
More wiſe than I am, and more apt to move:
And theſe ſmooth *Arethuſa's* ſtreams ſhall ſing,
The brave *Sicilians*, and their valiant King:
Ye Goddeſſes that *Orchomenium* grace
The ſcourge and hatred of the *Theban* race,
Uncall'd I'le ſtay, to thoſe that ſhall invite
My *Muſe* ſhall offer honor and delight:
I'le never leave you; what will Men receive
Without the *Graces*? what is fit to give?
O, may I ever with the *Graces* live!

Idyl

Idyllium XVII.

A Panegerick to King Ptolemy.

To Ambroſe Brown *of* ---------- *Eſquire.*

BEgin with *Jove*, my *Muſe*, and end with *Jove*,
If you would ſing the greateſt *God* above,
But if you would the beſt of *Men* reherſe,
Let *Ptolemy*'s great name adorn your Verſe;
Let him the firſt, midſt, laſt, your Songs employ,
The darling of Mankind, the common joy:
The *Heroes* born of Gods, and great in fame,
Had noble Poets to record their name;
And I, well skill'd in Song, with laſting lays
Sing him, *E'en Gods we do reward with praiſe*:
In ſhady *Ida*, where the Woods are thick,
The Woodman comes, but doubts where firſt to ſtrike:
And where ſhall I? there croud a thouſand things,
With which the *Gods* have bleſt the beſt of Kings:
His father *Lagus*, who ſo bravely great?
So deeply skill'd in all the Arts of State?
What Age could boaſt a *Prince* ſo great ſo good?
His Mind was high, and noble as his Blood:

Him

Him *Jove* doth grace with an immortal Throne,
And give a golden Palace next his own:
Next *Alexander* ſits, the Wiſe, the Great,
A miter'd God, and checks the *Perſian* State:
Juſt oppoſite *Alcides* Throne doth ſhine,
Of ſparkling Diamond, the work divine;
And whilſt on *Nectar* with the Gods he feaſts,
He ſmiles to ſee his race his equal gueſts:
On each great *Jove* repreive from Age beſtow'd,
And call'd immortal, rais'd into a God:
When fragrant *Nectar* Bowls have rais'd his fires,
And from the feaſt he to his Wife retires,
His Enſigns he delivers to the Two
One bears his knotty Club, and one his Bow;
With theſe they both in decent order move,
And thus to beauteous *Hebe's* bed of Love
Their father lead, the great encreaſe of *Jove*:
How *Berenice* ſhone! His charming Bride,
Her Sexe's glory, and her *Parents* pride;
Her *Venus* nurſt with a peculiar care,
And bleſt with all the charms that grace the fair;
That e'en bold Fame it ſelf ſcarce dares to tell
That any *Prince* e're lov'd his Wife ſo well
As generous *Ptolemy* his beauteous Queen;
And yet he meets with greater love agen!

He

He Quits his State, and buſineſs of his Thrones,
He leaves his Kingdom to his Loyal Sons,
Whilſt he to her with haſty wiſhes moves,
And goes to play the *Heroe* in his Loves:
A faithleſs Wife lets all her thoughts and cares
On others rove, with eaſy pains ſhe bears,
Her Houſe is full, but of the numerous race
Not one can ſhow the joyful Father's face:
Fair *Venus* chiefeſt Beauty of the Sky
She liv'd thy care, nor can her honor dye;
Your kindneſs ſnatcht her from the *Stygian* ſhore,
E're griſly *Charon* came to waft her o're,
You gave a ſhrine, and taught us to adore:
Juſt like a falling Star thrown down by Fate;
You caught, and made her Partner of your State;
Thence kind to all ſhe gentle Cares inſpires;
And warms the Lovers breaſts with pleaſing fires:
The fair *Deipale* did to *Pelens* bear
Stout *Diomed*, that mighty Son of War,
And beauteous *Thetis* to her *Pelens* bore
The fam'd *Achilles* on the *Grecian* ſhore,
But *Berenice* hath theſe Births outdone,
She brought great *Ptolemy* as great a Son;
Firſt *Coos* danc't Thee, Thee, Mankind's delight,
She took Thee at thy firſt approach to light,

For

For there thy Mother to *Lucina* pray'd
To eaſe her throws, and found a ſpeedy Aid;
She came, ſtood by, and gently loos'd her pain,
Thy very birth was eaſy as thy reign:
The *Iſland* took Thee in her Arms, and ſmil'd
To view the Father's Image in the Child:
She ſhouted, and ſhe ſaid, Ah lovely Boy,
Be born, Thy Father's Soul, be born my joy:
Welcome, on me as great a Fame beſtow,
As *Delos* does to her *Apollo* owe:
Thus ſpake the I'ſle; an *Eagle* ſoar'd above
And mixt with Clouds; the Bird of mighty *Jove*,
With joyful ſound thrice clapt auſpicious Wings,
'Twas *Jove's* own ſign, *Jove* is the Guard of Kings:
But whom he loves as ſoon as he began,
That lives the Potent, that the happy Man
All elſe muſt yeild, and o're the Sea and Land
With conquering Arms he ſpread a wide command:
A thouſand Nations boaſt their fruitful Plains,
Where gentle *Jove* deſcends in eaſy rains,
But none ſuch Crops as ſandy *Egypt* ſhows,
Where *Nile* with his enriching ſtreams o'reflows,
And what the barren Clouds deny, beſtows:
No Nation bears, no Nation boaſts to ſee
So many Towns, and Men of Art as She,

Full

Full Thirty Thouſand Towns enjoy the ſway
Of *Ptolemy*, and eagerly obey:
The ſtout *Phœnicians* too have felt his Sword,
Arabia, *Syria*, *Lybia* call him Lord;
The *Ethiopians*, the *Pamphilian* Horſe,
The *Lycians*, *Carians* own his nobler force:
The *Iſles*; for where his Navy ſpreads her Wings
Homage to Him, and Peace to all ſhe brings:
So far his Scepters reach, and Sea, and Land
And purling Streams obey his juſt Command:
Vaſt Troops of Horſe and Foot well arm'd for War
So dreadful gay in graceful ranks appear,
That e'en their proudeſt Foes conſent to fear:
His Treaſure richer than e're known before,
And other Kings ſcarce wiſh ſo great a ſtore;
All Nations ſend their Cuſtoms every day,
And their due Tribute to his *Ocean* pay:
The Farmer fearleſs ploughs his fruitful ſoil,
No Hoſtile Navies preſs the quiet *Nile*;
None leaps a Shore, and frights the labouring Swains,
None robs us of our Flocks, and ſpoyls the Plains:
Thus *Ptolemy* ſecures his Land from Harms,
So fear'd by All he ſits, ſo great in Arms:
So careful to preſerve his antient right,

This shows a *King*, and for new Conquests fight:
And yet he doth not hoord his useless Ore,
As painful Ants still turn their bury'd store;
With much the Temples of the *Heroes* shine;
His first-fruits, and his gifts fill every shrine,
Much Gold to powerful neighbouring Kings he sends,
Much to his Subjects, much to valiant Friends:
None fam'd for Song, none great in Arts appears
No charming voice can ravish listning Ears,
But streight *He* favors, *He* rewards imparts,
And sends them presents *equal* to their Arts:
And therefore *Poets* with exalted rage
Send down their *Patron's* praise to future Age;
At what more noble can the wealthy aim
Than to secure a fair, and lasting Fame?
Of Great *Atrides* this remains alone,
Whilst are the Stores of Wealth He rais'd, are gone:
What e're he brought from *Troy* hath scap't the light,
And now lies bury'd in Eternal night.

He first his *Glorious* Parents made divine,
To both He incense burns, and rears a shrine:
How *great* they stand! how *Gems* their shrines enfold,
And hide the *Ivory*, and the poorer *Gold*!
How *great* they stand! what various goods bestow!

Supply

Supply our wants, and guard frail Man below:
He ſtains red Altars with a Thouſand Beaſts
As Months roul round, and bring the ſolem Feaſts:
He and his *Queen*, than whom kind Fortune led
No *fairer* Woman to a *greater* Bed;
There She with joy the Natural ties improves,
And both as *Brother*, and as *Husband* loves:
This *Gods* approve, thus they themſelves are ty'd,
And *Juno* lives *Jove's* Siſter, and his Bride;
Fair perfum'd *Iris* makes one Bed for both,
Where Pleaſure's hightned by eternal youth:
Hail glorious *Ptolemy*, hail mighty King;
Thee equal to the Gods my *Muſe* ſhall ſing;
And future Age ſhall all my Songs approve;
Great King, beg Vertue, and encreaſe of *Jove*;

Idyllium XVIII.

An Epithalamium at the Marriage of Helena *and* Menelaus.

To Edward Courthope *Esquire.*

AT *Sparta's* Palace twenty beauteous Maids,
The Pride of *Greece*, freſh Garlands crown'd their heads
With Hyacinth and twineing Parſly dreſt,
Grac't joyful *Menelaus* Marriage Feaſt;
When lovely *Helen* great in conquering charms
Reſign'd her willing Beauty to his Arms:
They danc't around, Joy flow'd from every tongue,
And the vaſt Palace ſounded with the Song:
And why fair Bridegroom why ſo ſleepy grown,
And why to Bed e're ſhady Night comes on?
What have you danct too much? Wine ſeiz'd your head?
Or are you drowſy, that you muſt to Bed?
But if you needs muſt ſleep, then ſleep alone,
But why muſt *Helen* too your Bride be gone?
Why muſt She leave her tender Mother thus?
She ſhould ſit up, and play, and dance with us,

She

She ſhould ſit up till the bright Sun ſhould riſe,
And Stars recede leſs beauteous than her eyes:
For, *Menelaus*, She for all thy life
For Morning, Night, and Noon muſt be thy Wife:
O happy Bridegroom! Thee a lucky ſneeze
To *Sparta* welcom'd, where the youths of *Greece*
Her chiefeſt Pride, did offer humble Love,
Yet you were choſe to be ally'd to *Jove*:
A Beauty, ſuch as never *Greece* did view,
Now ſleeps between the common Sheets with you:
O happy Bridegroom, what thy Bride ſhall bear
If like her ſelf, it muſt be wondrous fair:
Two hundred *Spartan* Maids, her Equalls We,
That wreſtled, fought, and ran as well as She,
And e'en out did the Men; yet none appear
A ſpotleſs Beauty if compar'd to Her:
Juſt as the Morning ſhows her lovely face,
When Winter's gone, and lazy Night withdraws,
Juſt ſo doth *Helen's* charming Beauties riſe,
Tall, fair and fram'd by Nature to ſurprize:
As Trees a Field, ſwift Steeds a Chariot grace,
So *Sparta* is adorn'd by *Helen's* face:
In all the Bride doth eaſily excell,
None Spins with ſo much Art, none Weaves ſo well:

When

When She *Diana* or *Minerva* ſings,
None tunes ſo ſoft as She the ſpeaking ſtrings;
That She, whoſe motions Charm, whoſe looks ſurprize,
And Thouſand *Cupids* wanton in her Eyes:
Ah fair, ah lovely, of an envy'd life,
Ah fair, and bleſt in being made a Wife;
But we will run thro yonder ſpatious Mead,
And crop fleſh flowry Crowns to grace thy head;
Mindful of *Helen* ſtill, as tender Lambs
Not wean'd as yet when hungry mind their Dams:
We'l firſt low *Lotus* pluck, and Crowns compoſe
And to thy Honor grace the ſhady Boughs,
From Silver Boxes ſweeteſt Oyls ſhall flow,
And preſs the Flowers rhat riſe as ſweet below,
And then inſcribe this line, that all may ſee,
Pay due Obedience, I am Helen's *Tree*:
All Joy fair Bride, and happy Bridegroom joy,
Let kind *Latona* give a lovely Boy,
Let *Venus*, Goddeſs *Venus* mutual Love,
And laſting Riches be beſtow'd by *Jove*;
That ſtill they may deſcend, and grace the Throne
From noble Father, to a noble Son:
Sleep in each other Arms, and raiſe deſire,
Let ardent breathings fan your mutual Fire,

But

But rise betimes, forget not, we'l return
When first the crowing Cock shall wake the Morn,
When thro his feather'd throat He sends his voice:
O *Hymen*, *Hymen* at this Feast rejoyce:

Idyl-

Idyllium XIX.

On Love *ſtung by a Bee.*

WHen Wanton Love deſign'd to theive,
And ſteal the Hony from the Hive,
An impious Bee his Finger ſtung,
And thus reveng'd the proffer'd wrong;
He blew his Fingers vext with pain,
He ſtampt, and ſtar'd but all in vain,
At laſt unable to endure
To *Venus* runs, and begs a cure;
Complaining that ſo ſlight a touch
And little thing ſhould wound ſo much:
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, Son, Thou art like a Bee,
Little, yet how great wounds are made by Thee!

Idyllium XX.

A Shepherd complains of the coyneſs of a City Maid, who refus'd his proffer'd Kiſs.

To His good Humor'd Friend Mr. Alexander Crook *of* Wadham Colledge.

EUnica flouted me, She ſcorn'd my Kiſs
And when I proffer'd, anſwered with a hiſs;
Begon rough *Shepherd* thou doſt ask invain,
I faith I am not us'd to Kiſs a *Swain*,
The *City Lips* I preſs, and only them,
Thou ſhould not Kiſs me, no, not in a Dream:
How odd thy Courtſhip! and how dull thy jeſt!
How languiſhing thy words, and how expreſt!
How ſoft and ſweet thy voice! thy looks how fair!
How ſmooth thy Chin! what Curls adorn thy Hair!
Thy Lips are broken out, and black thy hand,
Thy ſmell is rank, *Begon*, I ſhall be ſtain'd.
This ſaid then thrice ſhe ſpit, and view'd me round
From head to foot, and mutter'd ſtill, and frownd,
Still ſcornfully ſhe lookt, and mighty proud
Of her fair Face, ſhe ſneerd, and laught aloud,

My blood began to boyl, my face was flusht,
And, like a Rose with Dew o'recharg'd, I blusht:
She left me streight, but I am vext at this
That she proud Slut should flout, when I would Kiss:
Am I not *Handsome*? tell me smiling Swains,
For I was once the *Beauty* of the Plains,
Tell me, have I no charms, no pleasing grace,
Or hath some God oth' sudden chang'd my face?
For I was *handsome* once, my Cheeks were red,
My *Beard* like *Ivy* round an Oak was spread,
And *bushy hair* like *Parsly* crown'd my head:
My snowy forehead two black Eyebrows crost,
My Eyes as grey as *Palla's* self could boast,
My Mouth more sweet than Curds, my words did flow
As smooth as Oyl, and soft as falling Snow:
My Songs are charming, whilst my Flocks do feed
I blow my Hougtboy, Pipe, or Oaten reed,
Oft have I seen my *Lambs* forsake their grass
And listning by with silent wonder gaze;
And all the *Country Maids* my Face esteem,
They kiss, and beg me I would stay with them:
Are these small charms, that she should these despise?
But I'me a *Shepherd Swain*, for that she flys,
For that the *City Maids* refuse a Kiss,

Well,

Well, let them ſcorn, poor fools, they hardly know
That beauteous *Bacchus*, fed a Herd below,
Or that fair *Venus* wanton'd with a Swain,
And fed his Cattle in the *Phrygian* Plain,
With ſweet *Adonis* oft ſhe prov'd the Joy
In *Groves*, in *Groves* ſhe mourn'd the lovely Boy:
Endymion was a Swain, he kept a flock,
And yet for him the *Moon* her Skies forſook,
She ſcorn'd a *Scepter* and embrac't a *Crook*:
One Cave held both, with him ſhe reapt delight,
Came down, lay by, and kiſst him all the night:
E'en *Rhea* mourns a Swain, and *mighty Jove*
Took Eagle's Wings, and bore a *Swain* above:
A *Swain* this proud *Eunica* ſcorns alone,
Better than *Venus*, *Rhea*, or the *Moon*:
Venus, the fault was yours, you taught her pride,
May, therefore, thine, thy Love be ſtill deny'd;
May you endure an *injur'd Lover's* pain,
Ne're kiſs *thy Sweet*, ne're wanton o're the Plain,
But lye alone all night, and wiſh in vain.

Idyllium XXI.

A diſcourſe of two Fiſhermen upon a Dream.

To Mr. Tho. Dunſtar *of* Wadham Colledge.

'TIS Poverty, *dear Friend*, improves our Arts,
It teaches Wit, and working thoughts imparts;
For Cares chace Sleep from his laborious head
Who ſweats to earn, before he eats his bread:
If *lazy* ſlumbers o're his eyes do creep,
Streight *noiſy* cares ruſh in, and break his ſleep.
Two good old *Fiſhers* ſlept, their bed was Sedge,
Their Roof was Straw, their Walls a rotten Hedge,
And round juſt by lay Baskets, Hooks, and Lines,
Their Wiers, Sedgy Nets, their Rods, and Skins,
Drawn up on ſome old Plank a tatter'd Boat,
Their Pillow Straw, their Rugg a ragged Coat,
Their Caps hung by upon a broken Oar,
Theſe were there tackling, and this all their ſtore.
Not one *ſmall Pot* upon their Shelf was laid,
All uſeleſs ſeem'd but what concern'd their trade;
Thus bleſt they liv'd, and happy in content
With their Companions, *Poverty* and *Want*:

No

No neighbour near, and every riſeing tide
Their *Hovel* reacht, and ſhook its tottering ſide:
From midſt of Heaven the *Moon* view'd all below,
When dreams of Labor wakt the ſleeping two;
Each with his Thumb wip'd reſt from off his Eyes,
And ſang, and cheer'd themſelves with theſe replies:
A. They lye, *dear friend*, that ſay the night decays
When Summer comes, and *Jove* brings longer days;
For I have ſeen a thouſand dreams to night
Long tedious dreams, and yet 'tis far from light;
B. You blame the *Summer*, but unjuſtly blame,
The Hours are ſtill forc't on, their pace the ſame;
But vexing Cares, that in a buiſy throng
Diſturb your head, do make night ſeem ſo long:
A. Can you interpret Dreams, Friend, tell me true,
I've dreamt fine things, which I would tell to you:
For that will eaſe me, and divert my Care,
As we our Fiſh, ſo we our Dreams will ſhare:
B. Then tell thy friend. *A.* If you remember well
We ſuppt too late, and made a ſpareing meal:
On yonder *ſhelving Rock* methought I ſtood,
And ſtoopt, intent upon the *quiet* flood;
I ſaw the Fiſh, my Hook let gently down,
And ſhook my cheating Bait to draw them on:

A *great one* bit, (for Fiſh is ſtill my Theme,
As Dogs of bones, ſo I of fiſhes dream)
I ſtrook, and hung him faſt, I ſaw the Blood,
The weight was great, I'me ſure it bent the Rod;
I ſtrove to reach him, for my Line was weak,
And faith, I fear'd my bending Hook would break,
Doſt prick me, for he prickt, I'le graſp the more,
And ſo at laſt I drew my prey to ſhore;
A *golden Fiſh*, I ſtood amaz'd, and feard
'Twas one of *Neptune's* own beloved herd:
Or one of Sea green *Amphitrite's* train,
A noble Fiſh, the treaſure of the Main:
I loos'd him gently, and did ſtricktly look
That no ſmall grain ſtuck round the rugged Hook:
With Cords I drew him, and devoutly ſwore,
That I would venture out to Sea no more;
But ſtay at home, and make my ſelf a *King*:
At this I wakt, do you adjuſt the thing,
Pray tell me what you think, for I'me afraid
That I am bound to keep the Oath I made:
B. Fear not, *my friend*, you did not ſwear, for why,
You found no Fiſh, a *Viſion's* but a lye:
And therefore go, and draw the uſual ſtreams,
Seek real Fiſh, nor ſtarve with *golden* dreams.

Idyl-

Idyllium XXII.

A ſcorn'd Shepherd hangs himſelf, the cruel fair is kill'd by the Statue of Cupid.

To Mr. Rily *Painter to his Majeſty.*

AN *Amorous* Shepherd lov'd a charming Boy,
As fair as thought could frame, or wiſh enjoy,
Unlike his Soul, illnatur'd and unkind,
An *Angells* body with a *Fury's* mind:
How great a *God Love* was, He ſcorn'd to know,
How ſharp his arrows, and how ſtrong his bow,
What rageing wounds he ſcatters here below.
In his addreſs and talk fierce, rude, untame,
He gave no comfort to the *Shepherd's* flame:
No cherry Lips, no Roſe his Cheeks did dye,
No pleaſing Fire did ſparkle in his Eye,
Where eager thoughts with fainting *Vertue* ſtrove,
No ſoft diſcourſe, nor Kiſs to eaſe his Love:
But as a *Lion* on the *Lybian* Plain
Looks on his *Hunters*, *he* beheld the *Swain*:
His Lips ſtill pouting, and his Eyes unkind,
His Forehead too was rough as was his Mind;
His Colour gone, and every pleaſing Grace
Beſet by fury had forſook his face;

Yet

Yet midſt his paſſion, midſt his frowns he mov'd,
As theſe were *Charms* He was the more belov'd:
But when or'ecome he could endure no more,
He came and wept before the hated door,
He wept and pin'd, he hung his ſickly head,
The threſhold kiſſt, and thus at laſt he ſaid:
Ah cruel fair, and of a *Tigreſs* born!
Ah *ſtony Boy*, compos'd of frowns and ſcorn:
Unworthy of thy love, this Rope receive,
The laſt, and wellcomſt Preſent I can give:
I'le never vex thee more, I'le ceaſe to woo,
And whether you condem'd me, freely go,
Where certain Cures for Love, as Stories tell,
Where diſmal ſhades, and dark *Oblivion* dwell:
Yet did I drink the whole *forgetful* Stream,
It would not drown my Love, nor quench my flame:
Thy cruel doors I bid my laſt Adieu,
Know what will come, and you ſhall find it true:
The Day is fair but quickly yields to ſhades,
The Lilly white, but when 'tis pluckt it fades:
The Violet lovely, but it withers ſoon,
Youths beauty charming, but tis quickly gone:
The time ſhall come when you, proud Boy, ſhall prove
The heat of Paſſion, and the rage of Love:
Then ſhall thy Soul melt thro thy weeping Eye,
Whilſt all ſhall ſmile, and you unpitty'd dye.

Yet

Yet grant *one* kindneſs, and I ask no more,
When you ſhall ſee me hanging at the door
Do not go proudly by, forbear to ſmile,
But ſtay, *ſweet Boy*, and gaze, and weep a while;
Then take me down, and whilſt ſome tears are ſhed,
Thy own ſoft garment o're my body ſpread,
And grant *one* Kiſs, *one* Kiſs when I am dead:
Nere fear, for you may ſafely grant me this,
I ſhan't revive tho you could *Love*, and Kiſs:
Then dig a Grave, there let my Love be laid,
And when you part, ſay thrice, *my friend is dead*,
Or elſe go farther on to pleaſe my Ghoſt,
And cry, *my beſt, my deareſt friend is loſt*:
And on my *Monument* inſcribe this Rhime,
The witneſs of my *Love* and of thy *Crime*,
This Shepherd dy'd for Love, ſtay Stranger here,
And weep, and cry, He lov'd a cruel fair:
This ſaid, he roll'd a Stone, a mighty Stone,
Fate lent a hand behind, and puſht it on:
High by the Wall, on this he panting roſe,
And ty'd, and fitted well the fatal nooſe:
Then from the place on which before he ſtood
He ſlipt, and hung the Door's unhappy load:
The *Boy* came forth, and with a ſcornful Meine
And ſmileing look beheld the tragick Scene;

Hang there ſaid He, *but O how I deſpiſe*
So baſe, ſo mean a Trophy of my Eyes!
The proudeſt Kings ſhould fall by my diſdain,
Too noble to be loſt upon a Swain:
This ſaid, he turn'd, and as he turn'd his head
His Garments were *polluted* by the Dead,
Thence to the Plays and to the *Baths* did move,
The Bath was ſacred to the *God of Love*;
For there he ſtood in comely Majeſty
Smiles on his Cheeks, and ſoftneſs in his Eye,
That part of th' Marble wrought into his Breaſt
By *Power divine* was ſofter than the reſt,
To ſhow how *Pitty* did exactly ſuit
With *Love*, and was his darling Atribute:
The *God* leapt forth, and daſht the Boy, the Wound
Let out his Soul, and as it fled He groan'd.
Hail Lovers, hail, ſee here the ſcornful dyes,
A juſt, and acceptable Sacrifice,
Be kind, and Love for mutual Love return,
For ſee the God takes vengeance on my ſcorn.

Idyllium XXIII.

Hercules *in his Cradle kills two Serpents which* Juno *sent to destroy him* &c.

To Mr. William Latton *of* Wadham Colledge.

Alcides ten months old, a vigorous Child,
Alcmena fed, and laid him on a Shield,
(The Shield from *Pterilus Amphitryo* won
A great auspicious Cradle for his Son;)
With younger *Iphiclus* of human race,
No part of him was drawn from *Jove's* embrace:
On either head her tender hands she laid,
And with a Mother's fondness thus she said;
Sleep, sleep, dear Children, sleep, be free from pain,
Rest well to night, to morrow wake again:
This said she stopt, and rockt the sounding Shield,
Iphiclus wept, and young *Alcides* smil'd:
Sleep seiz'd on both: Now Mid-night's shade came on,
The flying *Bear* in hast was tumbling down,
And broad *Orion's* Shoulder did appear
With's Sword, as still pursueing of the *Bear*;
When wily *Juno* full of envious hate
Drove on two dreadful Serpents to the Gate,

She forc't the Doors, and ſhew'd the Open way
Deſigning young *Alcides* for their prey:
Their Scaly trains roll'd o're the trembling floor,
Their fiery Eyes ſhot ſulphurous flames before,
And from their Jaws dropt clods of Putrid gore:
When near they roll'd, and did the *Infants* touch,
E'en Sleep it ſelf ſtreight fled at their approach,
The *Children* wak't, and, by *Jove's* order, light
Shot thro the gloomy darkneſs of the Night:
Iphiclus cry'd as ſoon as he beheld
The Snakes twiſt round, and gapeing o're the Shield,
He kickt the Cloaths, and toſt, for flight prepar'd,
As if he meant to ſhun the Fate he fear'd:
But young *Alcides* ſtretcht his Infant hands,
And graſpt the rolling Snakes with fatal bands,
He ſeiz'd their ſwelling throats, where ſtor'd by Fate
Their Poyſon lies, which e'en the *Gods* do hate:
In that Death dips her darts, then takes her rounds,
And on frail Mortals ſcatters certain wounds:
Each twiſted round the Babe a dreadful fold,
But ſtill he graſpt, and took the firmer hold,
The Babe, not wean'd as yet, in Mind a Man,
He ſhow'd his Race as ſoon as he began:
In's Nurſes Arms he ne're was heard to cry,
No tear e're dropt from his unwilling Eye:

At

At laſt tir'd out they both extended lay,
The Infants ſpoyl, his firſt auſpicious prey:
Alcmena's Ears firſt heard the tender crys,
She ſtarted firſt, and ſaid *Amphytrio*, riſe;
Riſe, riſe, thy aid a ſudden danger calls,
Do'ſt hear how loud the *younger Infant* bawls?
Do'ſt ſee theſe Walls ſhine with unuſual light,
For yet the Morning hath not chac't the Night;
There's ſome ſtrange thing, there is, Riſe, riſe my Dear,
From Danger free thy *Babes*, thy *Wife* from Fear:
She ſpake, *Amphitryo* roſe, ſuch haſt he ſhow'd
As nimble Lightning from a breaking Cloud,
He ſnatcht his Sword, which o're his valiant head
Hung allways faſtned to the Cedar bed,
A ſtrong Belt held it, tough, and neatly made,
He graſpt the Sheath, and drew the flameing Blade;
When ſtreight the light withdrew its *wondrous* rays,
In darkneſs left him; and in wild amaze:
Still ſtartled more, *Lights Slaves*, *Slaves Lights*, he cryes,
Lights Slaves, deep ſleep ſat heavy on their Eyes:
Lights Maids, They heard, and quick as the command,
A flameing Torch now ſhone in every hand,
They all ruſh in; with troubled haſt they come,
And buiſy throngs ſtreight fill the crouded Room:

But

But when they saw two Snakes twist round the Child
They shreikt, and wept; the young *Alcides* smil'd:
Held out the Snakes, pleas'd with the guilded sight,
Laught at his own success, and their affright;
Disdain'd those Foes that with such ease He slew,
And at his Fathers feet the Monsters threw:
Half dead *Iphiclus* on her tender brest
Alcmena clapt, and lull'd him into rest:
The other Babe on Skins of slaughter'd sheep
Amphitryo laid, and then return'd to sleep;
When thrice the Cock had Crow'd to wake the Sun,
Alcmena starting from her Bed of Down
Tiresias call'd, from whom Truth always fell,
Scarce *Phœbus* knew the mind of Fate so well:
She told the tale, and said, thrice reverend Seer
Explain the meaning, I'me prepar'd to hear:
Nor yet to pleasure me conceal the doom,
Or bad or good, *what Fate hath wove must come*:
Thus spake the *Queen*, and thrice his reverend Head
Tiresias shook, and thus at last he said:
Hail mighty Queen, the pride of *Perseu's* blood,
Happy, and Mother of a *future* God:
The time shall come as years bring round the days,
When *Grecian* Maids shall sing *Alcmena's* praise,
And as they weave, or whirl their Spindle rou d
From every tongue *Alcmena's* name shall sound; The

The *Grecians* goddeſs thou ſhalt grace a ſhrine,
So great thy Son ſhall be, and ſo divine!
A generous *Hero* he ſhall mount on high,
The nobleſt burthen of the bending Sky:
To Him all Monſters, and all Men muſt yield,
The *Tyrant's* Scourge, and the *Oppreſſed's* Shield:
Twelve labors paſs'd he ſhall the Skies enjoy,
When *Oeta's* flames have purg'd the baſe alloy:
Be call'd their Son in Law, appeaſe their Hate
Who rais'd theſe Snakes, and ſent them to his Fate.
Then Woolves ſhall ſee young Fawns approach their Den,
And let them part unhurt, and ſafe again,
So great a Scourge he ſhall to Monſters prove,
And ſhed ſuch Influence from his Seat above:
But Queen obſerve, and let a Pile be made,
Green Oaks, and Aſh, and Birch in order laid:
Then cut theſe Snakes, obſerve the time they came
To eat the Babe, and burn them o're the flame:
At morning peep ſoon quench the blazeing wood,
And ſcatter all the Aſhes o're the flood,
And thence return, but with a ſteddy pace,
Nor look behind on the *polluted* place:
Then let pure Brimſtone purge the Rooms, and bring
Clear Fountain water from the ſweeteſt Spring;

This

This mixt with Salt, with blooming Olives crown'd,
Spread o're the Floor, and purge polluted ground:
Then kill a Bore to *Jove*, that free from harms
The Child may live, and Victory crown his Arms.
This said, he bow'd, and with a staggering gate
For years oppress't him, reacht his Ivory Seat.
And now the Boy, his Mother's pride, was grown
Like rising Oaks, and thought *Amphitryo*'s Son:
In Letter's *Linus* did his Mind enlarge,
A generous *Hero*, watchful of his charge:
Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to sing,
And taught his hand to strike the tuneful string:
Eurytus famous for his vast Estate
To draw the Bow, and shoot as sure as Fate:
To Leap, to Wrestle and to throw the Dart
He learn't from fierce *Autolycus*'s Art,
Sweet *Herme*'s Son, who when he fought his Foe
None dar'd, tho distant, to behold his Brow:
Such frightful fierceness did in's looks appear
And shot thro the amaz'd Spectators fear:
To drive the Chariot, and with steddy skill
To turn, and yet not break the bending Wheel
Amphitryo kindly did instruct his Son;
Great in that Art, for he himself had won

Vast

Vaſt pretious prizes on the *Argive* Plains,
And ſtill the Chariot, which he drove, remains,
For nought but eating Time could break his Reins;
To weild his Sword, and to aſſault his Foe,
To uſe his Shield, and ſhun the comeing blow,
To order Battles, and to raiſe their force,
Cloſe Ambuſh lay, and lead the furious Horſe,
Stout *Caſtor* taught, when he from *Argos* fled,
Baſely deſerted by the force he led,
When *Tydeus* Arms the fatal Conqueſt won,
And forc't the weak *Adraſtus* from his Throne:
Few of the *Heroes* equall'd him in Fight
E're trembling Age had put ſtrong Youth to flight:

Thus grew the Boy his *Mother's* care and pride,
His bed was rais'd by his great Father's ſide,
Spread with a *Lion's* Skin, whoſe Jaws affright
The weaker Youths, but were this Boys delight:
When young he often would unſheath their Paws,
And uſe his tender Hands to break their Jaws;
And when one Tooth was broke, with ſmiles would meet,
And caſt his *Trophies* at his Mother's feet:
His food was roaſted fleſh, his loaf was great,
As large as e'en a labouring Swain could eat:

A ſpareing Meal, and unprepar'd at night,
His Cloaths were made for covering, not delight:
Thus hardly bred the mighty *Hero* grew,
Well fitted for the wonders He muſt do.

Imperfect in the Greek.

Idyl.

Idyllium XXIV.

A Dialogue between Daphnis *and a* Shepherdess.

To Thomas Powel *of* Wadh. Col. *Esquire.*

D. PAris a Herdsman *Helen* stole, tis said,
And she that *kisst* me is as fair a Maid:
S. Pride not thy self, what *empty* thing's a Kiss!
D. And yet that *empty* thing is full of Bliss;
S. I wash my mouth, and thus thy Kiss disdain;
D. Dost wash my Dear? then come, let's *Kiss* again:
S. Swain thou shouldst *kiss* thy Heifer, not a Maid:
D. Don't scorn, thy youth, like dreams, will quickly fade,
S. The Grape, when dry, grows Raisin, and is priz'd,
Nor is the Rose, tho wither'd, soon despis'd:
D. Come to these Shades, I've tales ne're told before:
S. Once your sweet tongue deceiv'd, I'le trust no more.
D. Go with me to those Elms, and hear my Flute,
S. Go please thy self, I hate so harsh a note:
D. Let fear of *Venus* anger seize thy mind,
S. A fig for *Venus*, if *Diana*'s kind;
D. Ah speak not thus lest she should fix her Chain,
The noose is strong, and you may strive invain.

S. Ay, let her do't, I live *Diana's* care,
And ſhe ſhall quickly free me from her Snare,
Hands off Rude Swain, I vow I'le ſcratch, forbear,
D. You muſt not ſcape, no Maid e're ſcap't Loves ſtroke,
S. I'le ſcape, *by Pan*, but thou ſhallt bear his Yoke;
D. To meaner Swains I fear you will be kind,
S. Many have woo'd, none yet e're pleas'd my Mind:
D. And I am one that woo, and would obtain:
S. What ſhall I do? Marriage is full of pain,
D. Not grief and pain, but Joy attends the Bed;
S. Sure I have heard that Wives their Husbands dread:
D. No, no, they rule, for what ſhould Weomen fear?
S. Child-birth is hard, and I'me afraid to bear:
D. No fear, o're that thy own *Diana* reigns,
And gives a ſpeedy eaſe to Mother's pains:
S. Yet I'me affraid, ſhould many Births prevail
My Beauty fades, and then your Love may fail:
D. Yet ſhould you bear fine Boys, a Happy Wife,
How would you look into a future Life!
S. But come, what Joynture, Swain, if I ſhould yeild;
D. My Flocks, my Herds, my Woods, and all my Field:
S. Swear then, leſt when enjoy'd you falſe ſhould prove,
D. Never *by Pan*, if you'l conſent to Love:
S. Will you a Bed, a Houſe, and Meat provide?
D. All this ſhall be the Dowry of my Bride? Look,

Look, all theſe Flocks are mine, I'le ſtill be true,
And promiſe you no more than I can do:
S. What ſhall I ſay when my old Friends ſhall blame?
D. They'l like the Marriage when they hear my name;
S. Then tell thy name, for names do often pleaſe,
D. *Daphnis*, my Father's joy, and Mother's eaſe;
His name is *Lycidas* the noble Swain,
Her's *Neme*, once the Beauty of the Plain:
S. Thy race is noble, but yet mine's as good,
D. But no ways better, for in yonder Wood
Menalcas lives, the Fountain of thy Blood.
S. Show me thy Grove, and where thy Sheep-Coat lies;
D. Theſe are my Trees, look how my Cypreſs riſe;
S. Feed Goats, whilſt I attend the *Herdman's* Love,
D. Feed Bulls, I go to ſhow the Maid my Grove:
S. Rude Swain, what means your hand upon my breaſt?
D. The Cluſter's ripe, and ſueing to be preſſt:
Thoſe I muſt pluck; oh! with what Heat they move!
And how they riſe at every touch of Love!
S. I quake, pull out your hand, rude Swain, forbear;
D. Cheer up, no harm, how timerous is my Dear!
S. 'Tis Dirty, ah! look there, twill ſtain my Gown,
And tell my jealous friends what I have done:
D. I'le ſpread my Jerkin, 'tis a ſcurvy place
But 'me content to pay for the embrace:

S. For-

S. Forbear, we ſhall be caught, I hear a noiſe,
D. Tis nought but Trees that murmur at our joys;
S. You'll tear my Coat, ah me, I am undone.
D. I'le buy a larger, and a better Gown:
S. You promiſe all things now, but, when enjoy'd,
What willt thou give? Love's gone when Luſt is cloy'd:
You will deceive, *you Men* are all deceit,
And *we* ſo willing to believe the cheat:
D. O, could I give my Soul, what Oaths can do
I le bind; I muſt, I cannot but be true:
S. I yeild, forgive *Diana*, O forgive,
I liv'd thy Votary, but no more can live:
D. Pleas'd, Raviſht, O, I'le kill in yonder Grove
A Steer to *Venus*; and a Bull to Love:
S. I'me Woman grown that was a Maid before,
D. A teeming Woman, and a Maid no more:
Thus murmuring they did their ſoft Heats improve,
And went, and knew the Myſtery of Love:
She roſe, and ſmil'd, and *baniſht* Modeſty
Regain'd her Seat, and ſate upon her Eye:
Yet ſecret Pleaſure thro her looks appear'd;
And joyful *Daphnis* went, and fed his Herd.

Idyl-

Idyllium XXV.

A ſhort account of the Death of Pentheus *the* Theban *King, whom his Mother and Aunts tore in Pieces for diſturbing the Solemnities of* Bacchus.

To Mr. Dring *of* Wadh. Col.

INO, the fierce *Autonoe*, and the fair
Agau three *Thyrſi* to the Hills did bear,
In number Three; they pluckt wild Oaks and Bays,
And in plain Fields did twelve green Altars raiſe;
With Ivy ſhaded, and adorn'd with Vine;
Fair *Semele* had Three, and *Bacchus* Nine,
Bacchus the Weomen's God, and Mens delight,
Theſe take at Day, and thoſe receive at Night:
From Baskets then thoſe ſacred gifts they made
They gladly took, and on the *Altar* laid,
Myſterious gifts, to pleaſe the wondrous God,
And Honor him the way that he had ſhow'd:
Young *Pentheus* lay in ſhady Hills conceal'd,
And from the Rock the *wondrous* rites beheld,
Autonoë ſpy'd him firſt, and cry'd aloud,
See their the great Contemner of the God;

And

And out ſhe ran, and as ſhe went o'rethrew
The ſacred rites, which no *profane* muſt view:
She firſt grew mad, then all the reſt were fir'd,
Their Fury roſe as High as Rage inſpir'd:
Young *Pentheus* fled when he their madneſs view'd,
They tuckt their Coats and eagerly purſu'd:
He cry'd, *what mean the Weomen? Oh forbear!*
Wretch you ſhall feel, they anſwerd, *e're you hear*:
His *Mother* ſeiz'd, and ſnatcht his Head away,
And roar'd, as a fierce Tigreſs o're her prey,
Ino ſtampt on his Breaſt, his Arm ſhe tore,
And fierce *Autonoe* reekt with royal gore:
Others ſeiz'd other Limbs, each ſnatcht a part,
And every hand reacht forward to his heart:
This done they ſhouted, and ran madly down,
And bore the *bloody Trophies* to the Town:
Deſerv'd: Let none his Mighty Power offend,
Leſt greater miſchiefs, and vaſt pains attend,
Let me be good, Let me the juſt approve,
For this is pleaſing, and the care of *Jove*:
For *Pious* Fathers on their Sons derive
Sure bleſſings, which the *Impious* cannot give;
They live themſelves ſtill vext with ſharp remorſe,
And leave a long *Hereditary* Curſe:

Hail

Hail *Bacchus* Hail, whom ſnatcht from Deſtiny
Great *Jove* ſecur'd, and foſter'd in his Thigh:
Hail *Semele*, and all his Siſters hail,
Whoſe fame reſounds thro every *Grecian* vale:
Their Act was juſt that did reward the Sin,
They ſhowd the *Votary*, and put off the *Kin*:
Take heed *Profane*, by this Example ſhowd,
For what the Gods inſpire muſt needs be good.

Idyllium XXVI.

An advice to a Friend to be constant in his Love.

To Charles Viner *of* Wadham Colledge, *Esquire.*

WIne, Friend, and *Truth*, the Proverb says, agree,
And now I'me heated take this Truth from me;
The Secrets that lay deep and hid before
Now rais'd by Wine swim up, and bubble o're;
Then take this riseing Truth I ca'nt controul,
Thou dost not Love Me, Youth, with all thy Soul;
I know it, for this half of Life I boast
I have from you, the other half is lost:
When e're you smile I rival Gods above,
Grown perfect, and exalted by thy Love;
But when you frown, and when dislike you show,
I sink to Hell, more curst than all below;
Yet how can this with common sense agree
To torture one that loves, and dyes for Thee?
But *Youth*, could my Advice thy thoughts engage,
Mine who have learn'd Experience by my Age,
The Counsell's good, and when a numerous store
Of Blessings Crown Thee, Thou wilt praise me more:
On

On one Tree build one Neſt, and build it ſtrong,
Where no fierce Snake can creep, and ſeize thy young:
Now here you ſtand, and ſuddenly are gone,
You leap from Bough to Bough, and fix on none.
If any views thy Beauty, and Commends,
You ſtreight enroll him midſt your antient friends,
Whilſt all your old Acquaintance laid aſide,
Dear *youth* this ſmells of Vanity and Pride:
Love *One*, your *Equal*, love whilſt Life remains,
This pleaſes all, and Commendation gains,
By this your Paſſion will but light appear
Which conquers all, and all are forc't to bear;
Love ſeizes all; and doth all Minds controul,
It melts the ſtubborn temper of my Soul;
But O I muſt embrace, Dear, grant one Kiſs,
And thus reward, and practiſe my Advice.

Idyllium XXVII.

The Bore that kill'd Adonis *is brought before* Venus.

To William Kenrick *of* Wadham Colledge, *Esquire.*

WHen *Venus* saw *Adonis* dead,
His Cheeks all pale, and beauty fled,
His Hair grown stiff with clotted gore,
And now to be belov'd no more,
She bad her *Cupids* trace the Grove,
And bring the Bore that kill'd her *Love*:
They, quick as the Command, ran o're
The Wood, and found the *hated* Bore,
They seiz'd, and bound, strong Cords they twin'd,
Some drew before, some drove behind,
One twirld his Tail to make him go,
Another lasht him with his Bow:
The fearful *Beast* went trembling on,
As conscious of the deed he done,
His hanging looks his guilt betray'd
Of *Venus* Fury much affraid:

When

When come, Her rage theſe words expreſt:
Thou vileſt Monſter of a Beaſt,
Were theſe the cruel Tusks did tear?
Waſt Thou the ruine of my Dear?
The *Bore*, reply'd, By thee, thy Love,
By All that's kind, and apt to move,
By what I ſuffer, by theſe chains,
And theſe that drive me to my pains,
I ne're had a deſign to kill
Thy *Fair*, it was againſt my Will:
But when I ſaw his naked Thigh
As white as poliſht Ivory,
How did my *Flame* and *Fury* riſe!
How was I *fir'd* at the ſurprize!
At laſt unable to reſiſt
Ah me! too *furiouſly* I kiſt,
And this the Boys deſtruction brought,
And *Love* betray'd me to a fault:
Theſe *Tusks* deſtroy, and puniſh theſe
The curſt diſturbers of thy eaſe,
For why ſhould I have leave to prove
Theſe *Tusks* that have no uſe in Love:
Or if the crime demands no leſs
Theſe *Lips* I offer to appeaſe:

Theſe

Theſe words ſo moveingly expreſt
Calm'd all the *Fury* of her Breaſt,
She ſoon forgave, releaſt her Foe,
And bad her *Cupids* let him go,
But he ne're ſought Woods again,
But ſtaid attending on her train;
And to the Funeral Pile he came,
And burnt his Tusks in the devouring flame.

Idyllium XXVIII.

He preſents a Diſtaff to Theeugnis *his Friend* Nicias *his Wife.*

To Mr. Charles Whiteing *of* Wadham Colledge.

DIſtaff, thou greateſt gift on Man beſtow'd
By fair *Minerva* as the chiefeſt good,
Whom wiſe and thrifty *Weomen* ſtill retain,
And raiſe their *Husband's* fortune by their pain,
Retire with me to *Nileu's* beauteous Town,
Where ſtately ſhrines grace *Venus* and her Son,
For thither, *Diſtaff*, I am now deſign'd,
And beg of mighty *Jove* a proſperous wind,
To be enjoy'd by, and enjoy my Friend:
Nicias, in whom the ſweet tongu'd Graces reſt,
Learning it ſelf is ſeated in his Breaſt,
There thou of poliſht *Ivory* fram'd ſhalt prove,
A grateful preſent to his deareſt Love;
From thee ſhall all her Husband's Veſts be ſpun,
From thee She'l often draw a flowry Gown;
For Lambs do looſe their Fleeces twice a year
To fill her Baskets, and be wrought by her:

So

So painful is *Theeugnis*, what the wife
And thrifty Matrons value, She will prize:
Nor would I send thee to an idle place
Thou product of our Country, and our grace;
For thou wert made where Walls stout *Archias* fram'd,
The Pride of *Sicily*, for valour fam'd:
Now thou shalt visit him whose wondrous skill
Can save the Men that Fate designs to kill,
Whose Herbs can soon restore a life when lost,
And by his Art bring back the flying Ghost:
That fair *Theeugnis* may by all be known
To have the neateſt Distaff in the Town;
And still of me her friend kind thoughts infuse,
Of me the chiefeſt Darling of the Muse:
There some shall see thee, and these words repeat,
The present's small, but yet the kindness great,
The Giver's Love doth little Gifts commend,
And every thing is valued from a Friend.

Idyl.

Idyllium XXIX.

Hercules *going to* Augias *meets a Herdsman, of whom he asks the uſual queſtions which a Stranger makes, and receives ſatisfaction: and is afterward brought to the* King *and his Son* Phyleus, *who were then in the Fields; By thoſe he is invited to the Town, and in the way tells* Phyleus *how he had kill'd the* Nemean *Lion.*

To Mr. Thomas Piggot *of* Wadham Colledge.

Imperfect in the Greek.

AND then the *Herdsman*, from his labouring hand
He threw his work, thus anſwer'd his demand:
I'le gladly tell what e're thy mind deſires,
This *Juſtice* craves, and *Mercury* requires;
For he of all the Gods reſents it moſt,
When we deny a *Stranger* what is juſt:
Look, Stranger, all the numerous Herds around
With which the Vales are fill'd, and Hills are crown'd,
King *Augias* owns; o're thouſand Plains they ſpread,
In different Meads, and various Paſtures fed,
Some on the flowry Banks of *Eli* ſtray,
And ſome where ſmooth *Alpheus* eats his way;

Some midſt the Vines in fair *Bouprai ſium* go,
Some here, the Vallies tremble when they Low:
For each of theſe the *King* fair Stalls hath rear'd,
Tho numerous, large, and equal to the Herd:
And here freſh Graſs ſtill cloaths the fruitful Plain,
The Blades, as ſoon as cropt, ariſe again,
For Springs cut thro the Plain, and feed the Graſs,
All fit to fatten Oxen, and increaſe:
Look, on thy right hand far beyond the Flood
The Stall appears between the ſhady Wood,
Next where wild Olives, and high Planes do grow,
Apollo's ſhrine, to whom the Herdsmen bow,
And own the greateſt Deity below.
Next are the *Farmer*'s Stalls, whoſe Labors bring
Whole Streams of gain, and much inrich the King,
For thrice they Plow, thrice ſow the teeming ſoil,
Which ſtill invites, and ſtill rewards their toil:
Many large Vineyards plant, his Vines they dreſs.
And ſweaty Autum treads the flowing Preſs:
For all theſe Gardens, Feilds, and Plains around
Till yonder watry Hills the compaſs bound,
King *Augias* owns, and here all day we bear
The Heat and Cold, and urge the weighty ſhare:

But

But Sir, (for I no common Aaid may prove)
What Buiſneſs led you to this happy Grove,
Would you the *King*, or any *Servant* See,
I can direct you, you ſhall learn from Me:
For ſure you ſeem, if well I make your face,
Great in your ſelf, and noble in your race;
How brave you look! and what a Port you bear!
So look the Sons of Gods when they appear:
This ſaid he bow'd, and *Jove*'s ſtout Son reply'd,
Swain, Generous, free from Savageneſs or Pride,
I ſeek the *King* whom all theſe Realms obey,
Buiſneſs with him firſt drew my Feet this way,
If midſt his Subjects now he keeps the Town,
Divideing Juſtice from his equal Throne,
Give me a Swain to guide, a Maſter Swain,
Who when I ask can anſwer me again,
For Man is made to be a help to Man:
Thus ſpake *Alcides*, Thus the Swain reply'd,
Sir, all the way ſome God your feet muſt guide,
So luckily things happen, ſo conſpire
To pleaſe your Mind, and anſwer your deſire:
Laſt night King *Augias* and his valiant Son
Young *Phyleus* left the hurry of the Town,
They came to ſpend ſome days midſt *peaceful* Swains,
And view their *wondrous* riches on the Plains,

This Pains ſome *Princes* take, they leave their eaſe,
For when they watch themſelves their Stores encreaſe:
When with Heaven's *Providence* they joyn their own,
A double guard ſecures their ſafer Throne,
But come, let's go, and both the *Prince* attend,
In yonder Stall, He'l love ſo great a Friend:
This ſaid he haſtned to conduct his gueſt,
His wonder ſtill at every ſtep encreaſt;
His Lions Skin, vaſt Club, his Mein and Face
Still hightned, ſtill he wonder'd what he was;
Oft he would ask, but yet as oft repreſt
The riſeing Query in his troubled Breaſt,
Leſt it ſhould ſeem too rude, and ill deſign'd,
For, O, 'tis hard to know another's Mind!
Whilſt yet far off the *faithful Maſtiffs* knew
The noiſe and ſmell of both, and out they flew:
From every part they at the *Hero* run
With open mouths, reſolv'd to tear him down:
But round the Swain they wagg'd their tails, and play'd;
And in hoarſe murmurs ſavage joy betray'd:
He ſtoopt to take up ſtones, they ſtopt their noiſe,
He ſpoke, they fear'd the thunder of his voice:
All ſilent fled, but yet the Swain was glad
To ſee his Maſtiffs care, and thus he ſaid:
What uſeful Creatures are theſe Dogs to Man!

How

How full of care! how uſeful to a Swain!
Had they but reaſon to know whom to tear,
And whom to love, what Creature could compare!
But now they'r Bruitiſh, then he cry'd, begone;
Each took his Stall, and lay in quiet down:
Now down the Weſt with a deſcending ray
Bright *Phœbus* drove, and bore declineing day:
Now ſhades drew on, and full of Milk and food;
The Sheep came home, and lay and chewd the Cud:
Next theſe the Cows and Oxen fill'd the Plain,
As thick as Clouds when *Jove* deſcends in rain:
When watry *Southwinds* bring their Treaſures forth,
Or when They'r hudled by the ſtormy *North*:
No man can count them, for ſo faſt they riſe,
And follow one another thro the Skies,
Still new and new the driveing tempeſt brings,
And bears vaſt burthens on his weary Wings:
Theſe Herds a Herdsman drove, the fields, and road
Were fill'd, the Vallies ſounded when they low'd:
The Stalls were crouded, and could ſcarce contain,
And Sheep lay round, and bleated o're the Plain:
Tho thouſand Slaves ſtood round of every kind,
None wanted work, all had their Tasks aſſign'd:
One ſhackled *ſtarting Cows*, and whilſt they ſtood
He milk'd, and ſtreight the largeſt Pail o'reflow'd:

One

One let the Calves to ſuck, they ſoon were fill'd
With ſweeteſt Milk, ſuch ſtores the Cows did yield:
Some bore the Pails, and ſome did run the Cheeſe
Hot from the Cow, ſome rais'd the Wring to ſqueeze,
And ſome the Bulls apart from Heifers drove,
They turn'd and bellow'd, eager on their Love:
The *King* himſelf went round to every Herd,
To ſee what Calves his Servants Care had rear'd:
And whilſt thro his vaſt Stores he trac'd the Plain,
His *Son* and great *Alcides* made his train;
Here tho our *Hero's* Soul great Shows deſpis'd,
Was conſtant, fixt, too brave to be ſurpriz'd,
Yet now at laſt his wonder roſe to view,
Such *numerous* Herds, and ſcarce could think 'twas true:
That *One* ſuch ſtores ſhould have, that could ſuffice
Ten Kings, and fill *capacious* Avarice:
But this was a peculiar favour ſhown,
A Bleſſing ſent by *Phœbus* on his Son,
His Cattle ſtill muſt thrive, his Herds be bleſt,
And Heaven ſecur'd what e're the *King* poſſeſt:
His Cows ne're caſt their Calves, and no diſeaſe,
The Herdsman's plague, was e're allow'd to ſeize:
From year to year the numerous Herd encreaſt
New Calves were rear'd, and ſtill the laſt were beſt;

Three

Three hundred Bulls, turn'd Horns grace every head,
Their legs were white, with theſe two hundred red,
All leapt the Cows, begot a numerous race,
And ſoon ſupply'd frail *Nature's* chance-decays,
Apart from theſe twelve mighty Bulls did run,
As white as Snow, and ſacred to the *Sun*;
Each with his ſhape might tempt the *Tyrian* Queen,
They fed, were pleas'd, and wanton'd o're the Green:
And when fierce Lions from the Woods appear'd
They turn'd to fight, and ſtill ſecur'd the Herd,
They bellow'd low'd, they tore the trembling ground,
And with bent foreheads aim'd a double wound:
Midſt theſe one Bull did far excel the reſt,
Call'd *Phaeton*, a ſtout and mighty Beaſt
This name the Herdsman gave deduc't from light,
For his quick Courage, and his ſtrength in fight;
He all excell'd, was ſtately, valiant, fair,
As much as *Phaeton* the meaneſt Star:
The *Lion's* Skin, that o're the *Hero* ſpread
As ſoon as firſt he ſaw, he bent his head,
And ran to puſh, he quickly ſhun'd the wound,
His left Horn graſp't, and pull'd him to the ground,
Invain he ſtrove, invain he ſpurn'd the Sand,
With doubled ſtrength the *Hero* fixt his hand,

Then

Then urg'd his breaſt, and forc't the *Bull* to rear
On high, and held him Beating in the Air:
The *King*, his valiant *Son*, and all the Plain
Admir'd his ſtrength, and thought him more than Man:
The Prince and *Hero* now dark ſhades grew on,
The Meadows left, and haſtned to the Town:
They took a path which from the diſtant Stall
Thro Vine-yards led, and thro a pleaſing vale,
Twas little beaten, thro a ſhady Grove
A ſoft and cool retreat for *happy* Love,
No *heavy* Clowns came there whoſe weighty tread
Might ſpoyl the verdure of the graſſy bed:
And as they walkt with a Majeſtick look
Young *Phyleus* turn'd his head, and thus he ſpoke:
Sir, if I gueſs aright, your ſounding Fame
Hath reacht my Ears, tho 't has not told your name,
For one an *Argive*, valiant, ſtout and young
From *Aelis* came, and pleas'd the liſtning throng:
He ſaid, whilſt he was there, and vow'd 'twas true,
A valiant Greek a furious *Lion* ſlew,
Strong, cruel, bloody, that deſtroy'd the Swains,
The fierce *Nemean* Terror of the Plains;
But whether *Argos* his great Birth could boaſt
Or *Sparta* gave, my Memory hath loſt;

But

But yet he ſaid, tho I forget the place,
For that I mind, he was of *Perſeus* race;
You, *Sir*, I hope are he, the man that fought,
This Skin proclaims as much, and clears my doubt:
But pray inform me, 'twill afford delight
And pleaſe me much if I conjecture right,
Tell me if you are *he*, the brave, the bold,
Of whom the *Argive's* wondrous tale was told;
Tell how the Lion fell, what ſtrokes he ſtood,
And how he came to the *Nemean* Wood,
For did you ſeek it, you would ſeek invain
For ſuch a Monſter on the *Grecian* Plain,
She breeds no ſuch, the Bear, the Woolf, and Bore,
Unlucky Beaſts, ſhe breeds, and breeds no more;
Hence ſome admire, and ſome the tale accuſe
As if contrived to pleaſe, and to amuſe:
This ſaid he bow'd, and ſtept aſide to ſhow
The Path was large, and wide enough for two;
He beg'd the *Hero* to advance more near,
That they might ſpeak with greater eaſe, and hear,
He ſoon came forward, and whilſt ſide by ſide
They walkt, he to his queſtion thus reply'd
Brave *Augias* Son, what e're the *Prince* hath ſaid
Is right, and his conjecture duly weigh'd,
Yet I'le inform you how the Monſter fell,

And whence it came, for very few can tell;
But most imagine 'twas design'dly sent
To prove the base *Pheroneans* punishment,
Neglect of Duty had provokt a God:
The poor *Piseans* like a headlong flood
He ravag'd o're and drown'd their Fields in Blood:
But most the *Bembinæans* felt his rage,
And lingred out a miserable Age,
This task *Euryſthens*, whom I must obey,
Impos'd, and hop'd to see me prove the Lion's prey:
I took my Bow, my Hollow Quiver bore
Sharp Arrows arm'd with the *Lernean* gore,
When e're I draw a shaft Deaths wait around
To guide the Dart, and enter at the wound:
My left hand grasp't my Club, strong, knotty, rude,
With all its Bark, unpolisht from the Wood;
It grew on *Helicon*, I pluckt it thence
With Roots and all, and weild for my Defence:
Approaching to the Wood, I bent my Bow,
My Arrow knockt, and wisht to meet my Foe,
I lookt around, and try'd, prepar'd for fight,
To spy the Beast, and take advantage of the sight,
'Twas midday now, and yet no Beast appear'd,
No track was seen, nor any roaring heard,
No Herdsman, Swain, that might his Den declare,

All

All lay at home *chain'd* up with ſlaviſh fear:
But ſtill I trac't the Groves, thro Woods I preſt,
Reſolv'd at laſt to find and fight the *Beaſt*:
For every Evening gluted with the Blood
Of ſlaughter'd *Beaſts* he took the ſhady Wood;
His Maine was ſtiff with gore, his griſly Beard
His long Tongue lickt with Blood and foam beſmear'd;
Behind a Thicket I impatient lay
And wiſht each *Minute* was the Cloſe of day,
That I might ſee him; Lo at laſt he came,
In look as dreadful as he was in fame;
I drew my Bow, and ſhot, the String did ſound,
And *Death* ſtood ready to attend the wound,
But from his ſide the Shaft rebounding fell,
And prov'd the hardned Beaſt was arm'd too well:
The *Lion* roar'd, he rais'd his furious Head
And lookt to ſee from whence the Arrow fled,
His flameing Eyes ſhot Fire, unſheath'd his Paws,
He gap't, and Teeth lookt dreadful in his Jaws:
I knockt *another* Arrow, drew again,
Inrag'd to ſee the *former* ſhot invain:
The Breaſt it ſtrook where Life maintains her Seat,
And labouring Lungs ſtill fan the vital Heat:
But that invain did from his *Breaſt* rebound,

And rais'd his Fury only, not a wound:
A *third* I drew, but e're I aim'd aright;
The Beaſt perceiv'd me, and prepar'd for fight:
His *Tail* twirl'd round, his Neck was ſwoln with Rage,
And every Limb ſeem'd eager to engage,
His *Mane* ſtood up, his fiery Eyes did glow,
And *Crooked Back* was bent into a Bow:
And as when *Wheelers* take a ſturdy Oak,
Or Elm, and Bath it in the glowing ſmoak,
To make a *Wheel*, at firſt it bends, and ſtands
And then at once leaps from their graſping Hands:
So leapt the Beaſt at me, ſuch Springs as theſe
He made, grown eager and reſolv'd to ſeize:
But I receiv'd him, in my left I held
My Darts, and a thick garment was my Shield,
My Right did weild my Club, and aim'd a Blow,
As He was leaping forward, at his Brow,
A lucky blow, but on the hardned bones
It broke, the *Lion* ſigh'd in hollow groans;
Some ſteps retir'd, as if all *Senſe* was fled,
And ſtood with ſhakeing Legs, and dizzy'd head:
Miſts ſeiz'd his Eyes, and an amazeing pain
Ran thro the crazy Veſſels of his Brain:
This I obſerv'd, and now an eaſy prey

I threw my Quiver and my ſhafts away
And ſeiz'd his Neck; and whilſt his Senſe was gone
I grip'd him hard, and kept the *Lion* down;
My Gripes I doubled, and behind I preſt,
Leſt his ſharp Paws ſhould tear my adverſe Breaſt,
On's hinder Feet I trod, and ſqueez'd his Thighs
With mine, He ſpurn'd invain and ſtrove to riſe:
At laſt o'recome when he had ſtrove invain
He lay extended on the fatal Plain,
I held him *breathleſs*, did his force controul,
And gapeing *Hell* receiv'd his mighty Soul:
Then next I ſought how I might gain the Spoyls,
And with his pretious Skin reward my toyls;
The task was hard, for neither Wood, nor Stone,
Nor Steel could pierce, and make the Skin my own:
But then ſome *God* did happy thoughts infuſe,
The Paws he ſhew'd, and taught me thoſe to uſe:
I did, and flead him, and the Hide I bear
To be my ſtrong ſecurity in War:
Thus fell the Beaſt by which ſuch numbers fell,
And fled amidſt his ſlaughter'd Heaps to Hell.

Idyllium XXX.

The Fight between Amycus *and* Pollux: *This* Amycus *being excellently well skill'd at Whirlebats, made a Decree that whatever Stranger came into his Country should fight with him; after he had slain a great many,* Pollux *at last overcomes him.*

To Mr. Robert D'oyly *of* Wadham *Colledge.*

FAir *Leda*'s Sons and mighty *Jove*'s I sing
Castor and *Pollux* Glories of the Ring,
None toss their Whirlebats with so brave a force,
None guide so well the Fury of their Horse,
With trebled Songs I sing the glorious Two,
The great supports and helps of *Man* below,
When midst destructive Wars swift dangers press,
Or stormy Stars send Tempests o're the Seas;
They toss the Floods, and raise the swelling Tide
At Poop or Prow, and dash on either side,
Or pour into the Ship, the Planks and Masts
Are torn, nor can the Sails endure the Blasts,
But rent hang useless; Storms of Hail and Rain
From Heaven descend, and beat the Spatious Main:

The

The Waters roar, the Troubled Ocean raves
Whilst Hail and Stormy Winds do beat the Waves
Yet then you draw the Ship from deepest Seas,
And those that look'd for Death are cheer'd with ease;
The Clouds all fly and Storms strickt silence keep,
And a smooth Calmness spreads o're all the Deep:
Bright Stars appear, and with a beauteous ray
Presage good voyages, and shew the way:
Great helps to Man, of Both my Muse must write
Both skill'd in Horses, singing, and in fight,
But Muse, whose Praises must I first rehearse?
Sing Both, first *Pollux* grace thy sounding Verse:
When *Argo*'s Sails had scap't the closeing Shores,
And swept cold *Pontus* with her nimble Oars,
She toucht *Bebryca*, forc't by prosperous fate,
The Sons of *Gods* and *Heroes* were her freight:
And there they landed; when they came to land
Some rais'd Grass-beds, and by their Lords command
Some drest their Meat upon the naked Sand:
Castor and *Pollux* weary of the Floods
Left all their Mates, and trac'd the shady Woods:
And as they gaz'd, beneath a gloomy Cave
They saw a Spring roul on a purling wave,
Like Silver pure, and round on every part

Con-

Contriv'd by prudent Nature's happy art
Small Fountains flow'd, and bubled o're the Graſs,
As clear as Chryſtal, and as ſmooth as Glaſs:
Tall Firs and Planes, and Cypreſs ſhade the Streams,
Defending from the Fury of the Beams, (brings
The Banks were crown'd with Flowers, which Nature
For Bees, and to embalm the dying Springs:
By this a Man in ſhineing Armour ſate,
Frightful his look, and terrible as Fate:
His Face was full of Knubs, how large his Cheſt?
His Shoulders broad and equal to his Breaſt:
His Fleſh like Braſs, more hard the more he fought,
Like a *Coloſſus* on an Anvil wrought:
And as tall Rocks that have long time withſtood
The numerous whirlings of a rapid Flood,
At laſt grow rouud, but yet unconquer'd ſtand,
So lookt the ſwelling Muſcles on his hand;
And o're his Shoulders hung a Lion's Skin
Claſpt by the golden Paws beneath his Chin;
With ſome ſurprize and wonder in his look
Brave *Pollux* view'd him, and at laſt he ſpoke:
P. Health Sir, what Nations plough this happy ſhore?
A. How health, when I ſee men ne're ſeen before?
P. Fear not, we're honeſt, and no danger's near;

A. I

A. I do not, nor need you bid me not fear:
P. Your Answer's rude, your manners are untame,
A. What's that? Sir, as you see me, such I am:
But what have you to do to tread these shores,
Did e're I come to trouble you on yours?
P. Sir if you did you should be entertain'd,
Be grac't with gifts, and treated as a friend:
A. Talk not of Presents thus, thy gifts I scorn,
Nor have I any ready to return:
P. May I not taste the Streams that idly flow?
A. If Thirst hath scorcht thy Bowels thou shalt know:
P. Here's Gold, I'le give you any price to gain:
A. Then you must fight a single Man to Man;
Set foot to foot, and steddy Eyes advance,
And use your greatest skill, nor trust to Chance:
P. Whom must I fight with? must I beat the Air?
A. Thy match is ready, and thy equal near:
P. And what's the prize? what must the *Conqueror* have?
A. The *conquer'd*, Sir, shall be the *Conquerors* Slave:
P. This is *Cock's* sport, not fit for generous Men,
Where the dull Dastard leaves the Cackling Hen:
A. Or *Cock's* or *Lion's*, I'me resolv'd on this:
I than *my self* can stake no worthier prize:
This said, *Amycus* did his Trumpet sound,

The Vallies rung, and eccho'd all around,
Thro every distant Field the noise was heard,
And Crouds of stout *Bebrycians* soon appear'd:
Whilst from the Ship the thronging *Heroes* press,
To view the Fight and judge of the Success,
Now were their *Whirlbats* bound, rough Thongs em-(brac't
Their knotty Arms, and ty'd their *Weapons* fast:
Out they advanc't, and each with Fury shook,
They breath'd Defiance, Terror in their look:
Here was a noble strife of Art begun
Who on his Back should gain the setting Sun,
And *Pollux* gain'd it, the descending Rays
Shone full in mighty *Amycus*'s Face:
Inrag'd at this his headlong Fury rose,
And he rusht on, and doubled all his blows,
But *Pollux* soust his Cheek, it flow'd with gore,
He saw his Blood, and then he rag'd the more:
The Fight grew hotter, like a mighty Oak
He backward bent to take the greater stroke,
Shouts the *Bebrycians* gave, and rais'd his Heat,
The *Heroes* cheer'd stout *Pollux* with as great;
For they all fear'd lest forc't to narrow streights
Pollux should fall beneath the *threatned* weights:
But he with dextrous skill and watchful Art

Still

Still ſhunn'd the ſtrokes, ſecure on every part,
He ply'd him hard, and did his force controul;
Tho great his Courage, furious was his Soul:
Doz'd with the ſtrokes the nodding *Hero* ſtood,
And from his Mouth flow'd Streams of clotted Blood.
The *Grecians* ſhouted when they view'd the blows,
And ſaw his broken Cheeks, and batter'd Noſe,
His Eyes contracted in his ſwelling Face,
And by their ſhoutings doubled the diſgrace:
The *Prince* ſtill eager preſt, he ply'd him hard,
And with falſe ſtrokes ſoon beat him from his guard,
And, whe⊏ he ſaw him ſtaggering, aim'd a blow,
The ſtroke was ſure, and ſmote his haughty Brow,
The *Ball* return'd as from a hardned Stone,
But tore the Fleſh, and left the naked Bone:
O'recome by this and yielding to the wound
The *Hero* fell, and bit the bloody ground;
But roſe, and then a fiercer Fight began,
Inraged by his Diſgrace, and by his pain:
Both toſt their *Whirlbats*, and vaſt wounds beſtow'd,
With Blood and Sweat their labouring Bodies flow'd:
Stout *Amycus* ſtill aim'd at Hands and Breaſt,
And with redoubled force he bravely preſt,
But wiſer *Pollux* every fatal blow

Aim'd at his Head, and craz'd his nodding Brow:
His limbs grew less, his color turn'd to pale,
And from a *mighty Giant* shrunk to *small*,
But *Pollux* seem'd to grow, he lookt more great,
His color better, and increast by Heat;
But *Muse*, how *Pollux* did the *Hero* quell
What stroke he gave, explain, for you can tell,
I sing as you direct, your voice obey,
And gladly follow, when you lead the way:
Designing now to push the Combat on
He seiz'd on *Pollux* left hand with his own,
Bending to shun the stroke, and closeing nigh
Reacht out his right, and grasp't his Brawny Thigh:
But he his body bow'd, and broke the Lock,
And at his *Temple* aim'd a fatal stroke,
Just where the vital powers their Seats maintain,
And work new *Spirits* to support the Brain,
There fell the Blow; wide gap'd the horrid wound
To let in *Fate*, and the vast *Hero* groan'd:
The blood sprang out, his mouth his left-hand smote
And shatter'd Teeth fell down his batter'd throat:
His Cheeks were beaten close, his Nose grew flat,
And trebled Blows still urg'd his hasty Fate:
The *Hero* fell extended o're the Plain,

Gave

Gave o're the Fight, nor could he riſe again,
His hands ſtretcht out, as, whilſt he breath'd his laſt,
He meant to keep off Fate that came too faſt,
Here no proud word, and no diſdainful Eye
On thy loſt Foe did ſtain thy Victory;
But he by his great Father *Neptune* ſwore,
That he would never injure *Strangers* more:
Thus have I *Pollux* ſung, and paid my due,
My next, great *Caſtor*, muſt be grac't by you.

Caſtor *and* Pollux *had taken away* Phœbe *and* Talaris *the Daughters of* Lucippus, *who were betroth'd to* Lynceus *and* Idas *the Sons of* Aphareus: *A War enſueing* Caſtor *kills* Lynceus, *and* Idas *is ſlain by Thunder.*

NOW had the Valiant Sons of mighty *Jove*,
Grown fierce and too injurious by their Love
Lucippus Daughters ſeiz'd, and forc't away
Their beauteous prize, and melancholly prey:
Aphareus Sons purſu'd, reſolv'd to try
Their Force, and gain their promis'd Brides, or dye;
Both ſides now meet at brave *Apharens* Tomb,
Which Fate deſign'd the *Lovers* Field of doom;
All from their Chariots leap, for fight prepare,
Well arm'd, and well appointed for the War:
When *Lynceus* thus beneath his Helmet ſpoke,
The *Vallies* Echo'd, and the *Mountains* ſhook:
What means this rage, this impious violence,

To

To raviſh firſt, then fight in its defence?
What mean the Shields and Spears, theſe *Iron* bands,
And naked Weapons in your threatning Hands?
Lucippus Daughters are by right our due,
Betroth'd to us before e're *known* to you:
His *Oaths* confirm'd it, and 'twas baſe by ſtealth
To covet others right, and others wealth;
By gifts to bribe him, and his mind pervert,
And win by Art, unable by deſert:
And often I, your baſe deſigns to check,
Have ſaid, tho I can better fight than ſpeak;
Unprincely 'tis to court another's Spouſe,
And tempt *weak Innocence* to break her Vows:
Sparta and *Elis* breed a numerous race,
All perfect Beauties both in mind and face:
There you may Court, and whom you pleaſe may have,
What Parents will refuſe the rich and brave?
Permit *our* Match, let us *our* right purſue,
And we will joyn to find fit *Brides* for you:
Theſe were my words, but theſe the wanton Winds
Bore to the floods, they never reacht your Minds,
For both inexorably bent appeard,
You heard, but ne're regarded what you heard:
Yet now be *juſt*, our promis'd Brides reſtore,
For we are Kin, and then I ask no more:
But if you needs muſt fight, if War deſire,
If nought but Blood can quench your luſtful fire;
Let *Pollux* and let *Idas* Arms forbear,
And never try the hated chance of War;
Let *Caſtor*, you and I the fight maintain,
And ſee whoſe Courage ſhows the braveſt Man:
For this will give our Friends ſufficient proof,
And if one fal's there will be loſs enough;

Let

Let ſome ſurvive to chear our drooping friends,
And wed the Maids, and make them juſt amends:
For this is *friendly* to reſtrain our heat,
And make the loſs but *ſmall*, when the Contention's *great*.
Thus *Lynceus* ſpoke, to this both ſides agree,
And *Jove* confirm'd it by his fixt decree;
Pollux and *Idas* laid there Armour by,
Attending on their *Brother*'s Victory:
Lynceus did firſt within the liſts appear
Beneath his Shield he ſhook his threatning Spear,
Then *Caſtor* came, ſtrong Shields did guard their Breaſts,
And on their *Helmets* nodded dreadful Creſts;
Firſt with their Spears began the noble ſtrife,
Each ſought to find an open paſs to Life;
But all invain, the Shields the ſtrokes endur'd,
Their Spears were blunted, and the Men ſecur'd;
Their Swords they drew, the *Blades* like *Lightning* ſhone
Before the *Thunderbolt* falls ſwiftly down;
Now roſe their Fury, *Caſtor* bravely preſt,
He pierc't his Shield and chopt the waveing Creſt;
And many thruſts the quick-ey'd *Lynceus* made
The Shield, and Creſt once felt his furious Blade:
But *Caſtor* ſtepping backward reacht a blow,
And ſtrook his Wriſt, and tam'd his *haughty* foe,
Diſabled thus, and grown unfit for fight
He dropt his weapon, and prepar'd for flight
To his great *Father*'s Tomb, where *Idas* ſate,
A ſad Spectator of his Brother's Fate:
But *Caſtor* ſoon purſu'd, cloſe thruſts he made,
And thro his Belly forc't his thundering Blade;
Out ruſht his Bowels thro the gapeing wound,
And he fell forward on the ſhakeing ground,
Cold *Death* came on and did his heart ſurprize,

And

And Sleep Eternal ſate upon his Eyes.
Nor did his Mother valiant *Idas* lead
With pious wiſhes to his Marriage bed,
For to revenge ſalln *Lynceus* haſty doom
He tore a Pillar from the ſacred Tomb,
To dart at *Caſtor*, dreadfully he ſtood,
The fierce Revenger of his Brother's blood;
Jove interpos'd, and by his ſtrickt command
Swift Lightning ſtrook the Marble from his hand,
He ſtrove to reach it, but his Soul was fir'd,
He fell, and in no *Common* Deſtiny expir'd:
Thus muſt the *Brothers* ſtill victorious prove,
So Great in Courage, and ally'd to *Jove*.
Hail *Leda*'s Sons, ſtill vigorous ſtrength infuſe,
And ſtill preſerve the Honor of my Muſe:
You, *Helen*, and the *Valiant Brave* that ſtrove
At *Troy* for Injur'd *Menelaus* Love,
Poets have ſerv'd, for with exalted rage
They tell your fame, and ſpread thro future Age;
Homer hath rais'd it with a lofty thought,
He writes with the ſame Spirit that you fought;
He ſings the *Grecian* fleet, grave *Neſtor*'s care,
And brave *Achilles*, fortreſs of the War:
I bring the Tribute of a meaner Muſe,
Thoſe humble ſtrains her ſpareing Heats infuſe;
Yet this is all, the beſt that I can do,
The utmoſt that my Talent will allow:
And to the *Gods*, let Riches vainly ſtrive,
Songs are the greateſt *preſent* Men can give.

FINIS.